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Religious Offering,

UNIVERSITY PRESS.

THE
RELIGIOUS OFFERING,

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FOR

MDCCCXXV.

Thomas Heywood Upham.



NEW-YORK:
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P R E F A C E.

IT is perhaps proper for the Publishers to state, that their object in the following publication is to furnish to their friends and the public, a work answering, in some degree, to the *Annuals*, which are periodically issued from the press; but which shall be exclusively of a moral and religious character. Whatever may be the literary merits of the greater portion of the *Annuals*, and however unexceptionable may be their general tendency, it cannot have escaped the notice of any one, that they are not of that decidedly affirmative religious character, which would be pleasing to many. This remark is not made in the way of complaint, or for the purpose of derogating from the real merits of these publications; for it could not rea-

sonably be expected, in the present state of things, that they would be of a decidedly religious character. And yet it has seemed to the Publishers desirable, that the religious portion of the reading community should have an opportunity of presenting to their children and friends something of a different kind, if they chose to do it ; something, which shall bring before them, in a form as attractive as possible, those great truths, which relate to man as a moral, responsible, and religious being. And accordingly, under the influence of such impressions, they thought proper to employ an individual for this purpose, in whose ability they were disposed to repose confidence ; and who, although they are not permitted in this case to use his name, is already known to the literary community by various publications. It was their desire, that the pieces introduced into this work, should throughout convey moral and religious instruction, and in this respect, as well as in its literary execution, the publishers do not hesitate to say, that their wishes have been fulfilled. It is believed, that the man of seriousness and prayer

may take up this little volume, and find something in almost every page, that will tend to instruct and console. The father, who is anxious for the spiritual good and advancement of his children, may put it into their hands, with the pleasing anticipation, that, while the intellectual taste is satisfied, some fitting aliment will be furnished for the moral and religious affections. The articles have been prepared expressly and solely for this work, with the exception of a very few, that have already appeared in print, and have been adopted into it with such alterations as were requisite. All are from the same hand ; but it will be seen that there is ample variety in the topics, as well as in the forms of the versification ; and the publishers see nothing to regret, excepting those occasional errors of typography which naturally resulted from the inability of the author, who is the resident of a distant state, to superintend the sheets as they came from the press. They invite their religious friends and their customers generally to examine the work, which they now present them, with no small confidence, that both

in a literary and religious aspect they will find something to approve, and but little to blame.

LEAVITT, LORD & Co.,

NEW-YORK THEOLOGICAL BOOKSTORE, 182 Broadway.

January 1, 1835.

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RELIGIOUS OFFERING.

REFLECTIONS ON THE NEW YEAR.

I.

HELD in their path of glory by the hand,
That rear'd all nature's bright and wondrous frame,
That made the sky, the ocean, and the land,
And all that dwell therein, whate'er their name ;
Held by that wondrous hand of might and pow'r,
The distant stars their steady course have run,
The moon hath watch'd in her aerial tower,
Along his annual round hath march'd the sun,
Until his task once more, his Zodiac race, is done.

II.

Yes ! Time's unwearied course hath borne us on ;
Successively the rapid seasons pass'd ;
Another twelve month's space is come and gone,
And a New Year upon the world is cast.
Time's noiseless wheel rolls on, and, oh how fast !

'Tis like the tide that rushes to the sea ;
Uncounted things are on it—at the last,
Those of the earth shall perish, cease to be,
But souls, a spark of heaven, go to eternity.

III.

The earth, still subject to its ancient curse,
Hath felt its storms, and shook with thunder's dread,
And Death, to make its bosom populous,
Hath smitten down full many a weary head.
The young, the man of scatter'd locks and gray,
All ages to the grave's cold rest have gone,
The dwelling-place of silence and decay.
There dwells the worm ; the serpent feeds upon
The soulless mass deformed, and twines the skeleton bone.

IV.

The living too, whose bosoms erst did beat
With promise high and unabated joy,
How many now in gloomy sorrow sit,
And constant woes their life and hopes annoy !
How many in the course of one short year,
Who love received, and love as warmly gave,
Now shed o'er sunder'd ties the burning tear !
Alas ! earth's ties are often like the wave,
That brightly clasps the shore—then breaks, and seeks its
grave.

V.

See here a mother mourning o'er her son !
How desolate her soul ! And seated there,
With countenance of deeper grief, is one,
New rob'd in widow's weeds. Into thin air
And blackness terrible hath sunk their light.
Oh ! Happy they, when joys terrestrial fade,
Who rest on God's right arm and changeless might.
There's nothing firm of all things that are made,
But life shall wane to death, and substance change to shade.

VI.

Yes, there's a spirit of change in all things round,
Which shows itself, as year on year goes by ;
Which at the last shall sink the solid ground,
Nor spare the brighter fabric of the sky ;
Both heaven and earth shall be one cemetery.
Down from their home of light the stars shall fall,
The blaze, that lights the solar pathway, die,
While clouds and flame shall wrap this earthly ball,
Its wither'd pomp depart, and fade its glory all.

VII.

Boast not, because these things have never been,
For we shall see them, though we see not now,
When rolls through heaven the final trumpet's din,
And lightnings bind the "seventh angel's brow."

Then months and New Years shall be o'er. Ah, how
That final trump shall rock the land and sea !
Then shall the proud, majestic mountains bow,
The islands and the continents shall flee,
The solid earth go down, and time no more shall be.

VIII.

The years of earth shall pass ; but heavenly years
Shall start upon their endless destiny.
The joys of earth shall perish ; but no tears
Shall dim the brightness of the joys on high.
The scenes and things below shall fade away ;
The brighter scenes of heaven shall be the same,
Without a blighting touch, without decay ;
And all her hosts, in one sublime acclaim,
Shall pour their transports high, and shout the Saviour's name.

THE MISSIONARIES.

I.

SWEET is the harp of prophecy, the strain
Which bids us hope for better times to come,
When peace shall recommence its ancient reign,
And still the piercing fife and martial drum.
Then shall the lion and the lamb be one ;
And then in peace the falcon meet the dove,
And warring spirits dwell in unison.

Haste on, ye days of purity and love,
By ancient bards foretold, descending from above.

II.

Hark ! Earth already lifts a nobler song !
Uncounted lips a brighter year proclaim !
The hills and mountain-tops the note prolong,
And vallies shout the Saviour's blessed name.
The sound is heard on Greenland's icy shores ;
The voice resounds o'er Nile's majestic tide ;
Where'er a hill ascends, a river pours,
The joyful news is carried fast and wide,
Of Him who came to earth, on Calvary who died.

III.

From our own native soil, they seek the sea,—
The lov'd, the faithful missionary band,
To preach the Gospel's glorious mystery,
In climes afar, in many a heathen land.
And some to lone Pacific Isles have pass'd ;
And some have gone where Ganges' waters shine ;
The holy pilgrimage of some is cast
In ancient Syria and Palestine,
Where Christ did first appear and shed the light divine.

IV.

Long may it be our happy nation's boast,
To send abroad, not men for *blood who seek* ;

But, as each varying year goes by, a host
Who love the Gospel, and its worth shall speak.
Their cause is holy, and their aim is just ;
They bear a noble and an upright breast ;
In God, and not in man, they place their trust,
And trusting there, shall be at last possess'd
Of consolation here, and of the promis'd rest.

V.

Yet there are those their labors who decry,
And deem them prompted by some worthless view,
Saying they go not with a "single eye,"
But their own private, selfish ends pursue.
But look upon their works, their toils behold ;
If not their words, at least their actions trust ;
Do not their deeds, privations, tears, unfold
The mark of honest hearts, and purpose just,
And not the search of ease, renown, or glittering dust ?

VI.

Oh, 'tis not so. 'Tis not for earthly spoils,
For sublunary honors, power, or gold,
That thus they plunge into unnumbered toils,
Enduring hunger, winds, and wet, and cold.
They seek in others' good, and not their own,
A blest return, substantial compensation.
Then are they well repaid, and then alone,
When in some ignorant and suffering nation,
They wake the soul to life, and clothe it with salvation.

VII.

Hark ! From the Indian's hut, the Arab's tent,
The Negro's home of over-arching trees,
The upward praise of humbled hearts is sent,
And haughty chiefs are bending on their knees.
Behold the blest, the penitential tear,
From dark, proud eyes, that never wept before ;
And from their lips unwonted service hear,
Words that lament, that supplicate, adore.
For *this* they leave their friends ; for *this* their native shore.

VIII.

Have not the Missionaries hearts to feel,
That leave behind their fathers, sisters, brothers ?
Do not such tender ties to them appeal ?
Have they not sympathies as well as others ?
Oh, yes ! They love a father's sacred name ;
A mother's watchfulness and smiles they prize ;
Brothers and sisters their affections claim ;
Their childhood's home is precious in their eyes,
The brooks and flowery fields, the trees and tinted skies.

IX.

But when they hear the Macedonian cry,
“ *Come o'er and help us,*” sent from lands afar,
All earthly hopes and pleasures they deny,
And follow Christ, their blessed guiding star.
They bid farewell to what they held most dear,

The woods, the fields, their home, their native shore ;
Their faith shines brightly through the falling tear ;
They walk amid the ocean's billowy roar ;
They go where they shall see their much-loved friends no
more.

X.

With such a moveless and unshaken trust,
The patriarch Noah entered in the ark,
When storms from all the shatter'd heavens burst,
And mingling oceans smote his trembling bark.
Their hopes, their fears, their sorrows, all are given
To Him, who ruleth both the land and seas,
Who bids his children seek a home in heaven,
Who keepeth them in trial, want, disease :
One thing alone they dread, *their Saviour to displease.*

XI.

That Saviour's blessed voice still strikes their ears,
" *To every creature go, the Gospel preach ;*"
From every land the sighs and groans and tears,
And calls for help their bleeding bosoms reach.
Are not these dying men our *fellow* men ?
Are not these weepers kindred of our race ?
And is it not our solemn duty, then,
The Bible in their outstretched hands to place,
To teach a heaven above, a Saviour's matchless grace ?

XII.

Go, then, ye faithful missionary band !
Go, with our warmest wishes and our prayers,
Sent up from all your happy, native land,
To Him, who for his faithful servants cares.
He shields you in the day of strange alarm,
When courage droops its head, and faith is tried.
Fear not, but rest on His almighty arm,
Who bears through raging sea and stormy tide,
And mansions shall at last for all his friends provide.

XIII.

Yes, there's a rest for those who labor here,
A home for such as have no home below,
A clime where mourners shed no more the tear,
Where joy succeeds to doubt and fears to woe ;
And when in some lone land your life is past,
And dust and ashes wrap your mouldering breast,
That peaceful home shall welcome you at last,
And shed the sunshine of its holy rest
On souls forever saved, forever pure and blest.

THE POOR FAMILY IN WINTER.

I.

Now 'tis the cold and howling wintry time ;
From the contentious north, dark storms arise,
Advancing loud with rapid march sublime,
Rending the earth, and mantling up the skies.
This is the season and the hour which tries
Submission, patience, faith, and charity.
Hark ! On the winds are heard the orphan's sigh ;
The tears are gleaming in the widow's eye ;
Oh ! who will hear their plaint, who will their wants supply ?

II.

'Tis God's decree, no less than reason's voice,
That man is made not for himself alone ;
That with the glad of heart he shall rejoice,
And blend his sorrows with the sufferer's moan,
For all are fashioned of one blood and bone.
And who, that hears *His* call, will disobey ?
Who mock the words from the eternal throne ?
Who from the poor and suffering turn away,
When all one Father have, all form'd of kindred clay ?

III.

Thus loudly called each other's griefs to bear,
To yon Poor Family your pity show ;

They too are human beings. Let them share
Your kindness, nor sink down to hopeless woe.
Mark the poor mother ! Tears of anguish flow,
And answering tears flow down her children's cheek.
Her last poor penny gone, and where to go
She knoweth not, nor whose kind aid to seek :
Do not her prayers and tears your charity bespeak ?

IV.

Her cheerless cottage stands upon yon moor,
Where nought but a few shrubs and bushes rear
Their shrunk and icy heads. Around her door
The wintry winds howl fearfully and drear.
Her crust of bread she moistens with a tear,
As she doth reach it to her hungry boy.
How deep her desolation ! How severe
Her lot, bereft alike of hope and joy,
'Tis darkness without light, and grief without alloy.

V.

Around the few poor embers of their hearth,
Her children cowering sit, and bow the head ;
They show no blissful smile, no sign of mirth,
But griefs and fears and wailings in their stead.
The storm without assails their shaking shed ;
The snow through gaping board and window flies ;
Beneath the coverings of a tattered bed

An infant child lifts up its plaintive cries,
And then again the tears start in the mother's eyes.

VI.

Ye, who have ample houses, fertile lands,
Whose barns are full, and cellars richly stored,
At eve whose blazing, cheerful hearth expands,
And healthful plenty ever crowns your board ;
Say, touched with pity, will you not afford
A share to those poor ones, for whom I plead,
That they, as well as you, to peace restored,
No longer may be pressed with care and need,
No more the mother's heart with hidden sorrow bleed ?

VII.

Have they the strength of brass, that winter's bleak
And withering presence can affect them not ?
When sickness comes upon them, and doth wreak
New ills on their already evil lot,
Have they no care ? Do they regard it nought ?
Deem not they have no feeling ; rather say,
Their heart is like *thy* heart ; the power of thought
To them is given ; the intellectual ray
For them, though dim with clouds, hath yet a glimpse of day.

VIII.

Perhaps among those poor and suffering ones,
In hearts where nought but care and grief preside,

There lurks the fire of nature's favorite sons,
A genius to immortal names allied,
(The hope of science and a nation's pride,)
And elemental virtues stern and high.
And shall they always thus in woe abide ?
Oh, pass them not in silent coldness by ;
Thou too mayest stand in need ; thy time of want be nigh.

IX.

Not seldom those, who rolled in wealth to-day,
Amid the overflow of temporal good,
Have in a moment seen it fall away,
And leave them without friends, or home, or food.
Those, who in honor and in greatness stood,
Pride of the noble, envy of the poor ;
Oft have they felt misfortune's onset rude,
And in the loss of all their earthly store,
Have begged their daily bread, and wept from door to door.

X.

Oh ye, to whom kind heaven doth impart
Abundant earthly treasures, be it yours
To cheer the suff'ring and the sad of heart,
Nor turn away the hungry from your doors.
On you the Deity his goodness pours,
That you in blessing may be doubly blest.
Ye are the stewards of his ample stores.

The foxes have their holes, the bird its nest,
And shall not man be fed, and have his place of rest.

XI.

Example from the blessed Saviour take,
Who turned the water of the feast to wine,
And made the golden light of heaven break
Upon the suffering, miserable blind.
For all our race he felt, to all was kind,
Though poor himself, despised, unknown to fame.
Oh imitate the Saviour of mankind,
Who, through all time, his blessing doth proclaim
To him, who gives a cup of water in his name.

XII.

And then thine eye, when closing on this life,
And all its chequered scenes of want and woe,
Of pride, ambition, turbulence, and strife,
Shall 'ope on other scenes than here below.
There shall the plumed, enraptured spirit know
How, from the fruitfulness of Love Divine,
The streams of excellence and pleasure flow,
And through God's universal empire shine,
Be that the joy to *me*, and that the triumph *thine*.

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILDREN.

I.

Down by yon gentle stream, whose curling flow
Brightens beneath the hillock's calm ascent,
A cottage stands. Before its day of woe
Flowers bloomed around, and where the forest sent
Its waving branches towards the firmament,
Not distant far, were heard loud spoken joys,
Which came, what time the setting sun was spent
Beneath the gnarled oak from bright-eyed boys ;
But now the flower is dim, and silent grief annoys.

II.

Yea, I remember well ! Three years are gone,
And it was last of autumn ; woods were sear,
And oft November's gusty blasts came on,
Whirling the leaves in air with sport severe ;
'Twas then with sauntering footsteps I drew near,
Entering the white-washed walls. And all below
That cottage roof did to mine eyes appear
Far from pollution's blight and touch of woe ;
There, hearts with hope are glad, and cheeks with pleasure
glow.

III.

The meek-eyed sheep grazed near the running wave,
The noisy geese proud o'er its bosom rowed ;

As mindful of the care the farmer gave,
Their annual gifts of wool his flock bestowed ;
Slowly the cow returned, and loudly lowed
To call the maiden from the cottage door,
And yield into her pail the milky load ;
The cow, the friend and favorite of the poor,
That gives them great content, if they have nothing more.

IV.

The cottager, who wrought with arm not slack,
Cheerful, now laid aside his ax and spade,
And from his field's rude boundary came back.
The sun sunk low, and with the evening shade
The day was darkly closed. Sweet pause was made
To toils with each new morn returning still.
Nor longer then in prank and sport delayed
Two laughing boys. They, whistling o'er the hill,
Direct their footsteps home, with joy their cot to fill.

V.

Their days were days of labor ; yet not this
Could render them unhappy. They could see
Duty in toil, which changed that toil to bliss.
Contented thus they lived. They knew that He
A friend to the believing poor would be,
Who feeds the raven, gives the flower its bloom.
I looked around ; and in their poverty

The marks of household labor graced the room ;
Here hung the skeins of yarn—there stood the wheel and
loom.

VI.

Kind family ! That ever warmly pressed
Stranger or friend, his hour that with them spent,
Freely to share whatever they possessed ;
Fruits of the wild and garden they present,
With hearts sincere, no feigned sentiment.
And happy in their goodness, smiles declare,
Which pleasures to their dimpled features lent,
That they were well rewarded for their care,
When friend or stranger took such as the poor could spare.

VII.

They were not happy always ! For the storm
Which threatens all, hath beat upon the brow,
And brought unto the dust the manly form.
The father, husband, friend ! Where is he now ?
There came a sickness on him, which did bow
The vigor of his strength, and dim his eye.
Alas ! Our life is like a flower ; and how,
How speedily shall all the living die,
And in the common dust in equal lowness lie !

VIII.

And she most patiently, whose faithful heart
Was bound to his in wedlock's sacred band,

In toil and watching showed the duteous part.
Day followed day : she still was seen to stand
Beside his pillow with assisting hand.
But all her tender arts could not avail
To hold him from the grave's oblivious land.
The living went with weeping and with wail,
And buried low his dust down in the green-wood vale.

IX.

Nor this the sum of sadness in her lot,
More desert still shall be her lone abode ;
Orphans and poor, her children leave her cot,
Cast out, unguided, on life's stormy road.
The evening hearth, where oft they gathered, glowed,
Bright with the blaze the burning logs dispense.
Here were they wont to meet, and friendship flowed
Warm from each heart, and joy filled every sense ;
But now their father's dead, and they must hasten hence.

X.

No more the flower that graced their fields shall bloom,
The vine shall droop, their art was wont to raise,
And from their cottage dark with grief and gloom,
Be banished the delights of former days.
But say, can absence or can toil erase
The memory of each dear scene and friend ?
Forgetfulness may other thoughts displace,

But early days with after life shall blend,
Grow with our memory's growth, and with our being end.

XI.

Gone are the hours, when first, in youth's sweet time,
With vagrant feet they wandered o'er the hill ;
And when with rival zeal they loved to climb
The rocks, that rose beside the noisy mill,
Marking the fall of waters, and the fill
Of pleasure came into their joyful heart.
Such is our lot, of Providence the will ;
Oh, Thou who sendest grief, support impart ;
Protect the orphans all ; the orphan's Friend thou art.

XII.

The mourning daughters to the factory went,
That rears on high its massy stories tall,
With noise of many looms in concert blent,
And wheels that loudly dash within its wall,
Close on the banks of darkling Salmon Fall.
Thither they walked on foot, and hand in hand ;
They grieved to leave their mother, but their all
Consisted in some scanty roods of land,
And he was gone who ploughed ; they were an orphan band.

XIII.

One boy at home the widowed mother kept,
To glean their little field, to bring the wood,

Piled in their cot at eve before they slept,
And cheer with filial love her solitude.
The elder lad more stout, in labor good,
O'er whom had passed the sixteenth summer beam,
Sought, with a farmer near, a livelihood,
With ax, and plough, and driving of his team.
Thus sadly early joys departed like a dream.

XIV.

Ye, who have watched o'er guileless infancy,
And kindly rocked the cradle of its rest ;
Ye, who have borne it on the patient knee,
Nor less in riper years have loved, caress'd,
Than when upon your knee, or on your breast,
Can fitly tell, and you alone can tell,
How sad the hour of parting ! How unblest
The moment of the long, the long farewell !
But ere they left their home, these parting accents fell.

XV.

“ My children ! ” said the mother, (and the tear
Of sorrow twinkled in her widowed eye,)
“ Ye are my charge. It rests, my children dear,
On me alone. Ye saw your father die,
And low and still in dust his ashes lie ;
We followed him together to his tomb.
For you, my orphans, oft I heave the sigh ;

For you with anxious toil I urge the loom,
For you I pray at morn, and at deep midnight's gloom.

XVI.

“ I see you now, as in the seasons past,
Heaven only knows, if we shall meet again ;
Great were our joys, but they have faded fast ;
And yet, my children, we should not complain,
Nor aught, that comes in Providence, arraign.
Jehovah will our wants and griefs relieve,
If we our souls in patience shall sustain.
Lifting your thoughts to him, ye shall receive
Great blessings from his hand ; and such he will not leave.”

XVII.

Thus spake the mother. Many tears did fall ;
Her orphan children to their masters went.
The anxious parent bade them, one and all,
Be faithful in their work and be content.
Oft little gifts her wanderers to her sent,
Earned by their daily toils ; for their true heart
Was never from their childhood's dwelling rent.
The elder brother learns the farmers' art ;
In Salmon Fall the maids industrious act their part.

XVIII.

Ye farmers ! see that ye, in virtue's school,
Bring up all those, that fall unto your care :

Ye gentlemen, who o'er our factories rule,
Let the poor orphans in your kindness share ;
Then shall they serve you well, and good prepare
Both for themselves and others ; and your name
Receive the good man's smile, the poor man's prayer.
How many thanks the virtuous soul may claim !
Such build upon a rock, and are not put to shame.

WOODLAND EFFIE.

I.

WHENE'ER the noble perish, they secure
A general sympathy ; e'en nations mourn ;
But oft in silence are the humble poor
Unto their long unbroken slumber borne.
Yet deem it not amiss, that I record
The dying hours of one in humble life,
Unknown to general fame, whose only strife
Was to subdue herself, and serve her blessed Lord.

II.

She could not boast the aids and pomp of art,
Nor had fair science stored her pensive mind,
And yet she had a sympathetic heart,

To feel for others as herself inclined.
But deem her not a child of vulgar mould ;
The fount of genius oped and flowed within,
And oft in solitary places seen,
She there did converse sweet with God's creation hold.

III.

Oft went she forth in silence and alone,
With raptured eye and wandering footsteps slow ;
Above her path the elm's green arch is thrown,
Around her gentle feet the wild flowers blow.
She lived in solitude, but not apart,
But with the tree and flower in converse met,
At early morn, and when the sun was set,
And viewless spirits came, and whispered in her heart.

IV.

She sought the vale, she sought the pleasant hill,
The place for birds to sing, and lambs to play,
Where one might hear the faintly dashing rill,
Or from the brake the partridge start away,
And see reflected in the sun's bright beam,
In here and there an opening of the trees
That gently bow accordant to the breeze,
The deep and distant track of many a mountain stream.

V.

And there, with ever strengthening glow of love,
She watched o'er nature's works and beauties wild,

And o'er them all came radiance from above,
And in them all a heavenly glory smiled.
These were her study ; she found teachers here,
And read in cliffs and brooks and trees around,
In every song, in every sylvan sound,
'The praises sweet of Him, whom heavenly hosts revere.

VI.

The neighbors marked her pure and quiet mind ;
They call her Woodland Effie, and comprise
In that loved name whate'er in woman-kind
Can charm the thought, and can enchant the eyes.
The very trees did seem to know her tread,
And as she passed her sylvan haunts along,
The birds broke out in a more happy song,
And buds and flowers did drop their fragrance on her head.

VII.

There was at times upon her beaming face
A sadness, the result of serious thought,
But e'en her melancholy had a grace,
A loveliness, which fickle art ne'er taught.
And oft her converse with sweet nature threw
A kind, reviving pleasure in her look,
Which, like the sunbeam in the summer brook,
Illumed her pensive brow, and graced her eye of blue.

VIII.

But blasting came upon that lovely one ;
A sickness wastes her, e'en in youth's bright days,

And dims her light, as fades the setting sun.
No more amid the blooming wood she strays,
No more she marks the lambkins on the green,
Nor spins the wool, nor at the close of day,
When shine the stars, and work is put away,
With maidens round her hearth, in beauty's glow is seen.

IX.

Pale is her cheek, except a transient glow,
An early victim, destined to the tomb :
Yet peaceful waters through her bosom flow,
And hope and joy upon their borders bloom.
And why ? What gives this peace at such an hour ?
What brings the smile, and fills with joy the heart ?
It is RELIGION ! She hath chosen the part,
The "better part" with her* of old who felt its power.

X.

Farewell ! she says, ye fields, whose colored dress
Regaled my heart, and blest my curious eye ;
I go to fields of greater loveliness,
Whose waters never fail, nor flowers die ;
Farewell ! ye lambs, whose sports I loved to see ;
The Shepherd calls the shepherdess ; his arm
Will fold me safe from every threatening harm,
And as I watched you here, in heaven he'll watch for me.

* "But one thing is needful ; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."—Luke x. 42.

XI.

Farewell ! ye birds upon the dewy spray,
Whose pleasant note hath joyed my soul at morn,
Swelling at noon, and at the close of day,
Of harmony and peace and freedom born ;
And yet no more those joyful notes I hear ;
I go to heavenly lands, where to my view,
Bright bands approach, unearthly songs renew,
And with blest harmony entrance the enraptured ear.

XII.

Thus spake the meek-eyed Effie, ere she died ;
Her parting hour with heavenly peace was blest ;
The neighbors came, and by the river's side,
Laid down her body in its place of rest.
There flowers are strown, and there the lambkins play,
There come the maids and swains at eve to weep,
Above the turf, that Effie's dust shall keep,
And long, in silence sad, protect her mouldering clay.

XIII.

But where's her nobler part ? The flowers they give,
May crown her dust, but cannot deck her soul ;
Her spirit doth in highest heaven live,
Where's nought of imperfection, sin, or dole ;
There will she ever, evermore abide.
The Saviour bade St. John in Patmos write,
That some in Sardis should be clothed in white ;
Thus brightly clothed she walketh by that Saviour's side.

EVENING REFLECTIONS.

HUSHED was the tumult of the day,
The evening's wonted breeze was still,
The placid moon, with silver ray,
Chequered the groves of vale and hill,
And not a cloud o'er all the sky,
Was witnessed by my wandering eye.

The light was out in each lone cot,
The farmer slept at nature's call,
And sound or action reached me not,
Save but the cricket in the wall.
The beast was on his lair ; his breast
The bird had pillowed on his nest.

Then thought my soul of each dear scene,
Where childhood sported gay and boon ;
The gambols on the village green,
Beneath the pale and watchful moon,
When friends and nature had a charm
The sting of sorrow to disarm.

Nor did my soul find resting here ;
But prompted by this hour of bliss,
She soared above this earthly sphere,
And found a scene more calm than this ;
A heaven, where there is endless joy,
No cares invade, no griefs annoy.

SENNACHERIB.

"Then the angel of the Lord went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred and four-score and five thousand ; and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses : So Sennacherib, king of Assyria, departed."—Isa. xxxvii. 36, 37.

THE trumpet pealed its joyful cry,
The coal-black war-horse neighed ;
The glittering banner floated high,
With heart of steel and threatening eye,
Each warrior drew his blade.

The setting sun at close of day,
O'er Carmel's mount of dew,
Bathed with its light the proud array
Of champing steeds and plumage gay,
And flags, that glittering flew.

But lo ! The morn returns from far,
And snowy plume and sword,
The haughty chief, the steed of war,
The lifted trump, the smoking car,
Have fall'n before the Lord.

God's angel, like the desert's blast,
Came flying down the sky ;
He hurled his vengeance as he past,
And every warrior breathed his last,
And closed was every eye.

Oh Lord, with Thee is endless might,
To Thee be endless praise ;
For thou canst curb the crimson fight,
The warrior's plume of glory blight,
And quench his armor's blaze.

THE SICK CHILD.

THE sweat is standing on her brow,
The tear is beaming in her eye,
She doth not clasp her father now,
As in the happy days gone by.

Borne in her cradle of distress,
From morn to evening doth she lay ;
Her little arms are powerless,
She hath no strength to run or play.

The color fadeth from her cheek,
Her bird-like voice is waning low ;
The lovely one, how kind and meek !
What patience in her hour of woe !

Oh, could I once but hear her voice
Speak out, as it was used to do,

How would my spirits then rejoice,
With that gay pleasure once they knew !

Out in the garden she would go,
And play among the tender flowers ;
And birds would sing around her so,
As if to win her to their bowers.

But now the sweat is on her brow,
The tear is beaming in her eye ;
Pass'd are the sports and music now,
That cheered us in the times gone by.

SCRIPTURE SONNETS.

SCRIPTURE SONNETS.

I. THE LIBERTY OF THE GOSPEL.

"Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."—John 8. 34, 36.

If thou, oh God, will make my spirit free,
Then will that darkened soul be free indeed ;
I cannot break my bonds, apart from thee,
Without thy help I bow and serve and bleed.
Arise, oh Lord, and in thy matchless strength,
Asunder rend the links my heart that bind,
And liberate and raise and save, at length,
My long enthralled and subjugated mind.
And then with strength and beauty in her wings,
My quickened soul shall take an upward flight,
And in thy blissful presence, King of kings,
Rejoice in liberty and life and light,
In renovated power and conscious truth,
In faith and cheerful hope, in lone and endless youth.

II. DIVINE LIGHT.

"For Thou art my lamp, oh Lord, and the Lord will enlighten my darkness."—"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach recovery of sight to the blind."—2 Sam. 22. 29. Luke 4. 18.

ON every side mysterious things abound,
In earth and sky and ocean's deep domain,
Which man's poor reason utterly confound,
Beyond his power to fathom or explain.
His mind is dark. In what way shall he see?
Oh, God! Form thou thine image in my heart,
Implant thy likeness in my spiritual part,
And help me to behold all things in thee.
Thou art the source of light. That light, when through
My darkened mind its radiance is streaming,
In all its shadowy, secret places beaming,
At once dispels the dimness of my view.
In thy light seeing light, my raptured eye
Doth every where behold love and infinity.

III. THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

“The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want; he maketh me to lie down in the green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.”—
Ps. 23. 1, 2.

BLEST Jesus! Thou the gentle Shepherd art,
That watchest for thy flock with sleepless care;
The lambs within thy bosom thou dost bear,
And warm the sick and fainting on thy heart.
When beats the heated sun upon their head,
And heaviness oppresses thy poor flock,
Then dost thou lead them to some shadowy rock,
Or where umbrageous trees are overspread.
To pastures thou dost guide us by thy crook,
Where tender plants and buds and flowrets grow,
“Flowers red and white,” that bend o’er waves below,
The peaceful waves of many a cooling brook.
Oh, gentle Shepherd! guide us on our way,
Watch o’er thy tender lambs, nor let them go astray.

IV. FEAR OF DEATH.

"For I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart to be with Christ, which is far better."—Phil. 1. 23.

THE body perishes, but not the mind ;
The outward man decays, but that within
Shall grow more pure and bright, like gold refined,
Rebuilt in strength, and separate from sin.
E'en now I feel the purifying flame,
A fire from heaven is kindling in my heart,
Diffusing greater joy than words can name,
And pouring light through all the mental part.
That fire shall burn long after the sad hour,
When death shall bring the body to the grave.
Increasing in its brightness and its power,
Long as eternal ages roll their wave.
Why should we tremble, then, and fear to die ;
Death but unbinds the soul, and frees us for the sky.

V. THE POWER OF GOD IN CREATION.

“Hearken unto me, O Jacob and Israel, my called ; I am he ; I am the first ; I also am the last. Mine hand also hath laid the foundation of the earth, and my right hand hath spanned out the heavens.”
—Isaiah 48. 12, 13.

THE boundless heavens, oh Lord, are made by Thee,
And Thou hast made the stars that through them gleam,
And Thou, the silver moon with placid beam ;
They all proclaim Thy power and majesty.
And Thou hast made the earth and all its fountains,
The fountains, where the wild beast slakes its throat ;
The myriads of birds, with vernal note,
Cheering the forests waving on the mountains.
And thou hast made the sea and all therein,
Its cavern'd solitudes and rocky shore,
Its heaving waves and everlasting roar,
Its fishes and its huge Leviathan.

Great God ! The everlasting God art Thou ;
Before Thee let all hearts with humble reverence bow.

VI. THE SABBATH.

“Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work. But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.”—Exod. 20. 8, 9, 10.

OUR nation's glory is her Sabbath's light,
The day of quiet, purity, and rest.
Her children then in holy acts unite,
The world forgotten, worldly cares repressed.
This is the day, “of all the week the best,”
The source of private bliss and public power :
May praises, poured from the believing breast,
And humble supplications fill each hour.
And in our day of woe, our trying time,
The Sabbath's God shall lend a listening ear,
And coming swift upon the clouds sublime,
For our protection and defence appear.
He is the friend and helper of the cause
Of those who venerate and keep his holy laws.

VII. NECESSITY OF DIVINE ILLUMINATION.

“But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God ; for they are foolishness unto him ; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.”—1 Cor. 2. 14.

Oh, send one ray into my sightless ball,
Transmit one beam into my darkened heart !
On Thee, Almighty God, on Thee I call,
Incline thy listening ear, thine aid impart !
In vain the natural sun his beams doth yield,
In vain the moon illumines the fields of air ;
The eye-sight of my soul is quenched and sealed,
And what is other light, if shades are there ?
Beyond the sun and moon I lift my gaze,
Where round thy throne a purer light is spread,
Where seraphs fill their urns from that bright blaze,
And angels' souls with holy fires are fed.
Oh, send from that pure fount one quickening ray,
And change these inward shades to bright and glorious day.

VIII. RESTORATION TO THE DIVINE IMAGE.

"We are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—2 Cor. 3. 18.

UPON the morning flower the dew's small drop,
So small as scarcely to arrest the eye,
Receives the rays from all of heaven's wide cope,
And images the bright and boundless sky.
And thus the heart, when 'tis renewed by grace,
Recalled from error, purified, erect,
Receives the image of Jehovah's face,
And though a drop, the Godhead doth reflect.
It hath new light, new truth, new purity,
A rectitude unknown in former time,
A love, that in its arms of charity
Encircles every land and every clime;
Submission, and in God a humble trust,
And quickened life to all that's pure and kind and just.

IX. THE BLESSED NAME OF CHRIST.

"If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye ; for the Spirit of glory and of God resteth on you. On their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified."—1 Peter 4. 14.

WHATE'ER our griefs in life, whate'er in death,
If doomed perchance to feel the martyr's flame,
Still, with our last and agonizing breath,
In joy will we repeat Christ's precious name :
Oh ! there's a magic in that glorious word ;
No other has such power ; the mighty voice,
From senatorial lips and patriots heard,
Can ne'er like this enkindle, rouse, rejoice.
For Christ's dear name the saints, without a groan,
In times of old met death upon their knees ;
For Christ's dear name the lonely Piedmontese
Down headlong o'er the crimson rocks were thrown.
That blessed name gives hope and strength and zeal,
That sets at nought alike the flood, the fire, the steel.

X. TRUE RECTITUDE.

“And herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man.”—Acts 24. 16.

WHAT constitutes the true nobility ?

Not wealth, nor name, nor outward pomp, nor power ;

Fools have them all ; and vicious men may be

The idols and the pageants of an hour.

But 'tis to have a good and honest heart,

Above all meanness and above all crime,

And act the right and honorable part

In every circumstance of place and time.

He, who is thus, from God his patent takes,

His Maker form'd him the true nobleman ;

Whate'er is low and vicious he forsakes,

And acts on rectitude's unchanging plan.

Things change around him ; changes touch not him ;

The star, that guides his path, fails not, nor waxes dim.

XI. SUBJECTION TO GOD.

“ See now that I, even I, am he, and there is no God with me ; I kill and I make alive ; I wound and I heal ; neither is there any that can deliver out of my hand.”—Deut. 32. 39.

SOMETIMES doth my uplifted heart suggest
It is not good Jehovah's yoke to bear ;
Forgive, oh God, the thought, and teach my breast,
There 's safety in thine arm, and only there.
If God be not my master, where's my place ?
If I his kingdom leave, where shall I go ?
E'en frightened Chaos bows before his face,
And Hell's dark world doth his dominion know.
May my poor will, O God, be bowed to thine,
Each thought, each purpose, feeling, as thine own,
Ever harmonious with thy great design,
And humbly circling round the central throne,
In thee I live, with thee move joyous on,
Without thy power am lost, extinct, and gone.

XII. THE MILLENNIAL DAY.

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain : for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."—Isa. 11. 9.

UPON God's Holy Mountain all is peace.
Of clanging arms and cries and wail, no sound
Goes up to mingle with the gentle breeze,
That bears its perfum'd whispers all around.
Beneath its trees that spread their blooming light,
The spotted leopard walks ; the ox is there ;
The yellow lion stands in conscious might,
Breathing the dewy and illumin'd air.
A little child doth take him by the mane,
And leads him forth, and plays beneath his breast.
Nought breaks the quiet of that blest domain,
Nought mars its harmony and heavenly rest :
Picture divine and emblem of that day,
When peace on earth and truth shall hold unbroken sway.

XIII. THE SOVEREIGN WILL.

"Thou hast a mighty arm ; strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand."—Psalm 89. 13.

THERE is one ruling power, one sovereign will,
One sum and centre of efficiency.
'Tis like the mystic wheel within the wheel
The prophet saw at Chebar. Its decree
Goes from the centre to the utmost bounds
Of universal nature. Its embrace
And penetrating touch pervades, surrounds
Whate'er has life or form or time or place.
It garnishes the heavens, and it gives
A terror and a voice to ocean's wave.
In all the pure and gilded heights it lives,
Nor less in earth's obscurest, deepest cave.
Around, above, below its might is known,
Encircling great and small, the footstool and the throne.

XIV. HE STANDETH AT THE DOOR.

"My head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night."—Cant. 5. 2.

THE stars are shining from the depths of blue,
And one is standing at the door and knocks ;
He knocks to enter in. His raven locks
Are heavy with the midnight's glittering dew.
He is our FRIEND ; and great his griefs have been,
The thorns, the cross, the garden's deep distress,
Which he hath suffered for our happiness ;
And shall we not arise, and let him in ?
All hail, thou chosen one, thou source of bliss !
Come with thy bleeding feet, thy wounded side ;
Alas, for us Thou hast endured all this ;
Enter our doors, and at our hearth abide !
Chill are the midnight dews, the midnight air ;
Come to our hearts and homes, and make thy dwelling there.

XV. CONFIDENCE IN GOD IN BEREAVEMENTS.

"A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping ; Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children because they were not."—Jer. 31. 15.

WHY has my child, my darling child departed ?
Why has my God in wrath that lov'd one taken ?
Leaving me desolate and broken-hearted,
O'erwhelmed and prostrate, hopeless and forsaken.
And is it all in wrath that I am smitten,
And pressed with burdens heavy to be borne ?
Hope yet, my soul, in God, for he hath written
With his own finger, *blest are they who mourn.*
Perhaps I loved my child more than my God,
Neglecting and forgetting every other,
And He in mercy sent the chastening rod,
And took away the child to save the mother.
Farewell, then, earth ! Why should I look below ?
I too will take my staff, and weeping heavenward go.

XVI. THE LIGHT OF FAITH.

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth."—Heb. 11. 13.

THE light of FAITH doth guide us kindly on,
Like Israel's cloud by day and fire by night.
High o'er our heads, its splendor waxes bright,
When every other blaze is dark and gone.
By FAITH did Noah sail upon the flood,
By FAITH did Abraham offer up his son ;
By FAITH the prophets and apostles won
A crown in heaven, on earth a crown of blood.
Their journey here was through a sea of flame ;
They trode it fearless, for before their eye
The star of faith shone brightly in the sky,
And showed upon each beam Christ's blessed name.
Oh, let it shine for us, till we, as they,
Shall climb these rugged cliffs, and reach the hills of day.

XVII. MEEKNESS OF SPIRIT.

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God."—
Mat. 5. 5, 9.

WHEN there are clouds and tempests in the mind,
And peace and mercy are by wrath displaced,
It breaks the plan of love which heaven designed,
And turns the blooming garden to a waste.
Then keep thy soul in peace and quietness,
And strive each evil passion to restrain,
And God will smile upon thee, and will bless,
And his bright image in thy breast maintain,
He, who did bow his blessed head in woe,
The Saviour of the meek and lowly heart,
Did he not pray for those who struck the blow,
And bless the ruffian hand that aim'd the dart?
Oh, be like Him, calm, patient, self-controll'd,
He, who can rule himself, has richer wealth than gold.

XVIII. GOD ANGRY WITH REBELLIOUS NATIONS.

"Therefore, thus saith the Lord God, I will even rend it with a stormy wind in my fury ; and there shall be an overflowing shower in mine anger, and great hail-stones in my fury to consume it."—Ezek. 13. 13.

Oh, God ! when nations rise against thy power,
And stand with haughty and rebellious eye ;
Then do the angry, muttering thunders lower,
And stormy lightnings cleave the trembling sky.
Oh, who, unscath'd, thy vengeance shall defy,
Thy day of desolation, blood, and flame ?
Jehovah is not man, that he should lie,
And see dishonor put upon his name.
He buried haughty Babylon in dust,
E'en his beloved Zion felt the rod ;
There is no hope, no confidence, no trust,
But in the favor and the arm of God.
His friends are safe, secure from every foe,
His enemies shall bow, and fall beneath his blow.

XIX. GOD RIGHTEOUS IN JUDGMENTS.

"Clouds and darkness are round about him ; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne."—Ps. 97. 2.

SAD is my heart, embittered with deep grief,
E'en as a bulrush I bow down my head ;
The dark, substantial clouds are overspread,
I see no friendly hand, find no relief.
No more I taste the joys which once I tasted,
My hopes, my honors, and my pleasures flown ;
There's nought on earth which I can call my own ;
All blacken'd, wither'd, torn away, and wasted,
And, in their stead, afflictive tears and woe.
Oh, give me faith, Thou holy, sovereign Power,
That I may know the hand that smites me so.
Oh, give me faith, when the dark tempests lower,
To yield Thee reverence and submission due ;
Thou art the righteous God, thy judgments just and true.

XX. CONSOLATION IN THE GOSPEL.

“That we might have a strong consolation, who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us : which hope we have as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast.”—Heb. 6. 18, 19.

How beautiful, as fades the gloom of night,
How beautiful the early sunbeams fall
In long and level'd lines of light, o'er all
The wide expanse of plain and vale and height,
And clothe them with a young and purple bloom !
So, when my heart environ'd is with sorrow,
And from the earth no ray of hope can borrow,
The Gospel's glory dissipates its gloom.
That Gospel plants a sun within my breast,
Which hath the power to change dark shades to day ;
Unchanged, unfailing, it transmits its ray,
And e'en in sorrow makes my bosom blest.
The vales throw off their shades, the mists take wing,
The flowers unfold their leaves, the birds start up and sing.

XXI. THE POOR OF THIS WORLD RICH IN
CHRIST.

“And he lifted up his eyes on his disciples, and said, Blessed be ye poor: for yours is the kingdom of God.”—Luke 6. 20.

In yon dark forest dwells an aged man,
Whose hoary beard descending sweeps his breast ;
His numerous days “ are dwindled to a span,”
He waits for his dismissal and his rest.
He hath no worldly wealth, no worldly fame,
But inward wealth and joys of soul are his ;
For he doth love the Saviour’s blessed name,
And prayer and praising constitute his bliss.
In every evening star a God he sees,
In the wild mountain wind a God he hears,
And bending to the earth his aged knees,
He pours his prayer into Jehovah’s ears.
His soul, ascending above earthly things,
Finds audience high in heaven, the glorious King of kings.

XXII. STRENGTH FROM THE CROSS.

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."—Gal. 6. 14.

OH, who shall sing the joyful song at last?
Oh, who shall raise in heaven the conqueror's strain,
O'er foes subdued, and inward vices slain,
And seasons of temptation safely pass'd?
'Tis he, who counts all other things but dross,
When put into the scale with God's dear Son;
Who willingly the Christian race doth run,
And fights and toils and conquers in the cross.
The cross imparts perennial peace within;
The cross resists and scatters outward foes;
'Tis by the cross the saints their victories win,
And rise to glory, as their Saviour rose.
Then heed not earthly shame nor earthly loss,
But count it all for good, if thou may'st bear the cross.

XXIII. VANITY OF LIFE.

"As for man, his days are as grass ; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone ; and the place thereof shall know it no more."—Ps. 103. 15, 16.

AND they are gone, the friends that once I knew ;
I look in vain to find them ; low and still
They coldly lie, shut out from human view,
And from the joys which erst their breasts could fill.
No more for them the rosy morn shall gleam,
Nor wild bird charm their ear at day's sweet close ;
No more shall friendship soothe life's fevered dream,
And love's sweet voice allure them to repose.
But, oh, 'tis vain to murmur or bewail,
Dwells ought on earth, that long on earth shall be ?
The columns of the world itself shall fail,
Its gorgeousness shall fade, its pomp shall flee.
'Tis a small thing to die, if we shall rise
In renovated bliss, unchanging in the skies.

XXIV. THE RULER OF THE NATIONS.

"The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters; but God shall rebuke them, and they shall flee far off, and shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind."—Is. 17. 13.

THERE is a God, whose searching eye doth look
Into the hearts of private men and kings;
Who turns the nations, as the running brook,
And mighty empires to subjection brings.
If nations to his will and ways are given,
He binds them fast to his eternal throne,
But scatters, as the chaff by winds is driven,
Such as forget his laws, and such alone.
See Rome, with flags unfurled and eagles spread!
'Twas virtue made her powerful at first;
When virtue failed, and honor bowed its head,
An angry God did smite her to the dust,
Sheer from her seat of pride and empire hurl'd,
And made her thence the scorn and hissing of the world.

XXV. THE PLACE OF REFUGE.

“A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.”—Is. 32. 2.

THE clouds are gathering in the distant sky ;
I hear the fiercely muttering thunders roll ;
Terrors invade my breast ; my trembling soul
Looks forth around, but sees no refuge nigh.
Ah, whither shall I flee ? What friendly hand
Shall guide me to some safe, select retreat,
Where, while the dark, perpetual tempests beat,
Unscathed, uninjured, I may safely stand ?
He comes ! He comes ! I see the platted crown ;
I see the bleeding feet, the wounded side.
Now let the bellowing storm rush fiercely down,
Thy smile shall comfort me, Thine arms shall hide.
With Thee, Thou dear Redeemer, are no fears ;
Thou scatterest all my doubts, and wipest all my tears.

XXVI. GOD WORSHIPPED IN HIS WORKS.

"The heavens declare the glory of God : and the firmament sheweth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard."—Ps. 19. 1, 2, 3.

MEN use a different speech in different climes,
But Nature hath one voice and only one.
Her wandering moon, her stars, her golden sun,
Her woods and waters, in all lands and times,
In one deep song proclaim the wondrous story.
They tell it to each other in the sky,
Upon the winds they send it sounding high,
Jehovah's wisdom, goodness, power, and glory.
I hear it come from mountain, cliff, and tree,
Ten thousand voices in one voice united ;
On every side the song encircles me,
The whole round world reveres and is delighted.
Ah ! why, when heaven and earth lift up their voice,
Ah ! why should man alone nor worship nor rejoice ?

XXVII. THE LAND OF REST.

“Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I flee away and be at rest.”—Ps. 55. 6.

THERE is no quietude in mortal life,
But, like the fretful and imperious sea,
Whose angry surges heave incessantly,
'Tis toss'd and driven with eternal strife.
Oh when, oh when, shall a deliverance rise
To him, who feels the ceaseless war within
Of truth with falsehood, holiness with sin?
Alas! 'Tis not on earth, but in the skies.
'Tis there we find, and only there, a rest,
Never attained, and never known before;
'Tis there sweet peace shall soothe the weary breast,
And songs re-echo from that happy shore.
Then murmur not, but from the future borrow
Assured hope of joy, to crown this life of sorrow.

XXVIII. THE HIDDEN LIFE.

"Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."—Col. 3. 2, 3.

My life is folded in the life of Jesus,
No longer mine, but purchased by that tide,
That crimson tide, which shed on Calvary, frees us
From those dark stains that in our hearts abide.
MY LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST, and I am His.
Whate'er his will, that am I bound to do ;
If He doth call me to far lands and seas,
I hear his summons, and his steps pursue.
Where'er He goes, I cannot stay behind ;
In what He does, my hand shall have employ ;
Whene'er He suffers, sorrow fills *my* mind ;
When He rejoices, *I* partake the joy.
He bought me by his blood, and I am his ;
I have no other will, no other grief nor bliss.

XXIX. HELP IN THE WILDERNESS.

“Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?”—Cant. 8. 5.

ALAS! We travel in the desert now,
Obscure our way, perplex'd the paths we tread;
With thorns and briars the vales are overspread,
The mountains fright us with their angry brow.
But who is this that hears us in distress,
And when we fear we ne'er shall travel through,
Doth sudden burst upon our raptured view,
And goes before us in the wilderness?
The Saviour comes! We lean upon his arm,
And resting there, find strength amid our woe;
The tempests cease that filled us with alarm,
And o'er the burning plains the fountains flow.
No more the storms assail, the thunders roll,
But angels' songs are heard, and pleasures fill the soul.

XXX. TRUST IN THE SAVIOUR.

"It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in man.
It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in princes."—Ps.
118. 8, 9.

IN man estranged and weak put not thy trust,
Who, like the "flower of grass," doth pass away.
His friendships, like himself, shall soon decay,
His powers, his gifts, his promises are dust.
But there is one in whom thou canst repose
Unshaken confidence, who will impart
Security to every broken heart,
And give thee victory over all thy foes.
The love of Jesus Christ will never fail,
The love of thy Redeemer ne'er grow cold.
When friends are faint, and enemies wax bold,
Thou shalt arise, and in his strength prevail.
Gird on thine armor ; strive in Jesus' name ;
In that and that alone thou'lt ne'er be put to shame.

XXXI. SUPPORT IN AFFLICTION.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."—Ps. 46. 1, 2.

WHEN, Father, thou dost send the chastening rod,
Oh, what am I, that I should dare reply,
Thy love arraign, thy righteousness deny,
And set the creature in array with God?
Far be it from my soul to question Thee,
For I am nought. Be this my only prayer,
That I may have due strength the rod to bear,
And bless the hand that doth environ me.
So that, what time the outward man doth perish,
Smitten with many stripes inflicted deep,
The inward man renewed hopes may cherish,
And high above the storms in glory sweep.
We sink in the deep waters; but thy hand
Shall hold us in the waves, and bring us safe to land.

XXXII. CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

"Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise."—Luke 10. 36, 37.

WHO is my BROTHER? 'Tis not merely he,
Who hung upon the same lov'd mother's breast;
But every one, whoever he may be,
On whom the image of a man's imprest.
True Christian sympathy was ne'er design'd
To be shut up within a narrow bound;
But sweeps abroad, and in its search to find
Objects of mercy, goes the whole world round.
'Tis like the sun, rejoicing east and west,
Or beautiful rainbow, bright from south to north;
It has an angel's pinion, mounting forth
O'er rocks and hills and seas, to make men blest.
No matter what their color, name, or place,
It blesses all alike, the universal race.

XXXIII. THE BOOK OF JUDGMENT.

"And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened : and another book was opened, which is the book of life : and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."—Rev. 20. 12.

WHERE is the JUDGMENT Book, which God doth keep ?

Where is the record he hath made of sin ?

So that at last it shall awake from sleep,

And legibly appear ? It is within.

The Judgment Book is every man's own breast.

This is the tablet God hath graved upon ;

More lasting is the stamp that's there impress'd,

Than if it were inscribed on wood or stone.

The wood may change to dust, the stone may break,

And what is written there at last decay ;

But the inscription which the soul doth take,

Will never, through all ages, waste away.

Men may, on earth, turn from this book their sight,

But not, when made to gleam in the great Judgment light.

XXXIV. THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS IN THE SOUL.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."—Prov. 4. 23.

THE soul hath power, through God's mysterious plan,
To mould anew and to assimilate
The outward incidents that wait on man,
And make them like his hidden, inward state.
If there's a storm within, then all things round
The inward storm to clouds and darkness changes;
But inward light makes outward light abound,
And o'er external things in beauty ranges.
If but the soul be right, submissive, pure,
It stamps whate'er takes place with peace and bliss;
If fierce, revengeful, and unjust, 'tis sure
From outward things to draw unhappiness.
Then watch, and chiefly watch, the inward part,
For all is right and well, if there's a holy heart.

XXXV. DEATH OF A YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away."—Rev. 21. 4.

LIKE the fair flower, that's cropp'd in early spring,
Hush'd is thy heart, and dimm'd thy beauty's bloom ;
But memory still around thy dust shall cling,
Affection haunt thee e'en beyond the tomb.
Though cloth'd in light, and ris'n to joys divine,
Lost to the world and all its empty charms,
Once more our tears would freely flow with thine,
Once more we'd clasp thee fondly to our arms.
But, oh, forbear, the cherish'd thought forego,
And hush to peace the heart's tumultuous strife,
Since at her feet the sacred waters flow,
And waving o'er her blooms the tree of life.
If this sad parting fills *our* hearts with pain,
To *her* 'tis peace, and triumph, and immortal gain.

XXXVI. LIVING NEAR TO CHRIST.

"For our conversation is in heaven ; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."—Philip. 3. 20.

WHEN the bright sun is nearest to the earth,
In vernal months and days of summer bloom,
The buds and flowers and bending fruits have birth,
Instinct with life and beauty and perfume.
And so the man, who near the Saviour lives,
Finds his heart kindling 'neath that radiant face ;
The cheering light and heat the Saviour gives,
And renovates and blesses with his grace.
But if the Christian keep himself away,
And follow Christ, as Peter did, far off,*
But seldom meditate, nor loves to pray,
Or meets, on doubtful ground, with those who scoff,
His heart grows cold, no genial ray shall bless,
'Twill be Siberian waste, mere ice and barrenness.

* At the time of his denying the Saviour. See Matt. 26. 58.

XXXVII. MEDITATING ON CHRIST.

“My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire burned :
then spake I with my tongue.”—Ps. 39. 3.

THY heart is sad; and deeply thou complainest
That dull and wandering thy affections prove,
That lingering far, so often thou remainest
Apart from Him, who claims thy highest love.
Oh, meditate Him more, and the world less,
At morn and pensive eve give Him thy thought,
Recall, how He hath sav'd thee, and doth bless
With that Redemption, which his life-blood bought.
Yes! Deeply think, till thou hast deeply felt;
When thought is busy, love is busy too;
Oh, think, until thy stony heart doth melt,
Of all thy Saviour did, and yet will do;
How He hath condescended, suffer'd, died,
And even now doth clasp thee to his bleeding side.

XXXVIII. THE GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

"But now they desire a better country, that is, a heavenly : wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God : for he hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. 11. 16.

WHEN on some voyage of trade in distant seas,
The gallant ship has ploughed for many years,
At last, with sails rejoicing in the breeze,
Her own, her lovely native coast she nears.
The hardy sailors look from deck and mast,
Their fathers' hills and hamlets to descry ;
As one by one they point them out, full fast
Unwonted tears of gladness fill the eye ;
They shout with joy ; 'tis their own native land ;
Where brothers, sisters, fathers, grandsires dwell.
So, when the Christian on life's bounds doth stand,
On Heaven's bright hills his eyes with fervor dwell,
His blessed father's home is in his sight,
He shouts aloud with joy, unspeakable delight.

XXXIX. THE LAST TRUMP.

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised."—1 Cor. 15. 52.

WHEN the last trump shall sound, all earth shall hear,
The sea's wide tumbling waves be fixed with dread,
The startled mountains turn their iron ear,
The hills shall flee away, and hide their head.
Leviathan shall plunge into his cave,
His deepest cave; the lion to his den;
In the black clouds the birds their wings shall wave,
And screaming loud, respond the cries of men;
And men, pour'd forth from cot and splendid hall,
Shall mingle with the cattle in the fields,
While, tost and breaking at the trumpet's call,
The rending ground beneath their footstep yields.
When all is changing, all in horror mixed,
The Christian's soul remains believing, calm, and fixed.

XL. THE RESURRECTION.

"It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption : it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory : it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power,"—1 Cor. 15. 42, 43.

SOMETIMES my heart, too prone to doubt, will say,
How can the cold and sleeping dead revive ?
Impossible, that mouldering dust and clay
Should ever with an angel's beauty live !
But look thou forth o'er all the fragrant earth,
With leaf and bud, with fruit and flowret strown ;
It is but yesterday they all had birth,
From dust produc'd, from foul corruption grown.
And cannot God, who bids the grass to rise,
Who gives the leaf its shape, the flower its hue,
Man's fallen clay to quicken'd life surprise,
And give to that its share of beauty too !
Oh, then, thy fears dispel, thy doubts repress,
Nor think it hard for God to raise, adorn, and bless.

XLI. THE TRUE GROUND OF JOY.

“Notwithstanding, in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you ; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in heaven.”
—Luke 10. 20.

REJOICE not in thy wealth of house and fields,
Nor build your hopes and bliss on earthly fame ;
Earth but a momentary glory yields,
Its brightest joys are as an empty name.
Oh, fix no fondness there ; 'twill prove a thorn ;
Many, that deeply lov'd, have deeply rued
Attachments so unworthy ; and they warn
Others from treading where their feet have stood.
The Saviour teaches a far wiser course,
To deem it glory, not that we possess
Mere wealth or power, or learning's proud resource,
Which mock us with the show of happiness ;
But that we have, in that dread Book on high,
Our names inscribed of God, in words that never die

XLII. THE PRIDE OF MAN CONFOUNDED.

“And he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment? And he was speechless.”—Matt. 22. 12.

MEN reason oft in speech magnificent
Of freedom, fate, foreknowledge, rectitude ;
Puff'd up with pride, their rebel breath is spent
In proving God unjust, their own ways good.
With microscopic eye His works they scan,
And countless ills detect which *they* could mend ;
(As if mere dust could frame a better plan,)
And thus in Atheist madness live and end.
But in the last great day, when Christ shall come,
Girt round with angel bands and sainted men,
And reckon up of words and deeds the sum,
Of evil deeds and thoughts and speech, where then
Will be their haughty look, their captious word ?
O'erwhelmed and dumb they stand ; and nought but grief
is heard.

XLIII. THE PHYSICIAN OF THE MIND.

"And Jesus answering, said unto them, They that are whole need not a physician ; but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—Luke 5. 31.

HE makes the deaf to hear, the blind to see,
Restores the faint, and doth the bleeding bind,
But shows himself more strong in charity,
In healing the diseases of the mind.

Thou sick and bowed of soul, to Jesus go !
Tell him how weak and how diseased the heart,
And learn how he compassionates your woe,
And plucks the spirit's, as the body's smart.

He quells the fears that throng thee and annoy,
With brighter views the intellect doth fill,
Gives strength to hope, and permanence to joy,
And aids with power divine the doubting will.

Others may heal the body ; Christ makes whole,
(And only He hath power,) the crush'd and fallen soul.

XLIV. SORROW FOR SIN.

"I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."—Luke 15. 18, 19.

IN dust and ashes let me humbled lie,
For I have sinn'd against my God and friend ;
Nor even upward lift my troubled eye,
But only tears let fall and groanings send.
And wilt thou hear, who, merciful as just,
Dost pity on the bleeding bosom take ?
Yes, Thou wilt mark the suppliant in the dust,
The bow'd and bruised reed Thou wilt not break !
Here is my hope, and it is only here ;
For I have sinn'd—how much God only knows ;
Thy law have broken, put away thy fear,
And caused the sneer and scoffings of thy foes.
Low in the dust my worthless head I lay,
Till God shall hear my prayer, and take my guilt away.

XLV. CHRIST'S YOKE EASY.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me : for I am meek and lowly in heart ; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—Matt. 11. 28, 29.

WHERE love is strong, 'tis easy to obey ;
'Tis thus the grateful and devoted child,
Who tends his aged parents night and day,
Finds all his labors by his heart beguiled.
The light of love can make deep darkness bright,
And change a bed of thorns to beds of roses ;
"Tis love, celestial love, that makes so light
The yoke, which Jesus on his friends imposes.
Prompted by this, with ready will and hand,
They follow in the path, which He hath trod ;
Revere alike his life and his command,
And bow with gratitude beneath his rod.
Nothing is grievous which he bids to do ;
Where love inspires the heart, life, hope, and strength are
new.

XLVI. LOVE OF THE WORLD.

“For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”
—Matt. 16. 26.

WHY should we love the world? Why thus bestow
Affections on its perishable toys,
And while we seek for pleasures mean and low,
Deprive our souls of high and holy joys?
Is not God jealous? Will he let us cling
So fondly to the things below the skies,
And nought but cold and heartless offerings bring
To the All-good, All-perfect, and All-wise?
Oh, break the tie, that doth so closely bind
The grovelling thought and vain desires to earth;
And let the rapt, emancipated mind
Soar to the better region of its birth,
And feed on angel's food. Let God supply,
And his divine perfections, joys that never die.

XLVII. THE ARK SAFE.

“So that the Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of Israel; for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians.”—Ex. 14. 25.

AWHILE the ARK may tremble in the blast,
Smit by the winds above, the waves below;
But God's great arm will hold it; and at last
Triumphant into victory's port 'twill go.
When the Old World rebell'd, with floods He drown'd
them;
When Pharaoh and his Magi took their stand,
He pour'd the rattling hail and fire around them,
And flame and mingling blood swept o'er the land.
God will defend his cause. Hell may spout fire,
And Atheists on earth may blow the blaze,
But when Jehovah cometh in his ire,
He leaves them neither form, nor name, nor trace;
But scathes and scatters with his voice of thunder,
While the redeem'd look up with praise and hope and
wonder.

XLVIII. THE NEW BIRTH.

“Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.”—John 3. 5.

THERE'S nought but love in heaven. And is man's soul,
While yet unsoften'd, unregenerate,
As soon as parted from its earthly goal,
Prepared for entrance on a heavenly state?
What there would its employment be, or pleasure,
When angels, saints, and all the hosts above,
Pour in one glad accord the heart's deep treasure
Of joy, of adoration, and of love?
'Twould be a stranger, an unwelcome guest;
E'en heaven itself would be no place of bliss.
If it would soar unto that place of rest,
It must be BORN and SANCTIFIED in this;
Born of the Spirit, rent from earth asunder,
With God and light above, and hell and blackness under.

XLIX. SECRET PRAYER.

“But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.”—Matt. 6. 6.

MEN need a friend, into whose faithful breast
Their sins and sorrows they can freely pour;
And filled with hope, can from his love implore
Support and pardon, purity and rest.
No earthly friend can meet this high demand;
But God can do it. In the SECRET PLACE
Implore his guidance and forgiving grace,
And thou shalt know his kind and aiding hand.
He hears in SECRET. And thrice blest are they,
Who, all apart from men, their homage bring;
Seeking in deepest solitude, to pay,
Pure from the heart, their humble offering.
In that blest hour, more than in any other,
God meets us face to face, as brother meets with brother.

L. SPIRITUAL FREEDOM.

"Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on him, If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—John 8. 31, 32.

So prompt are men their earthly chains to break,
That countless toils they cheerfully endure,
And pour their choicest blood for freedom's sake,
Their sufferings to avenge, their rights secure.
But there's a greater bondage; there's a chain,
Which deeper goes, and wastes with keener smart.
It profits little, that we rend in twain
The outward links, but wear them on the heart.
Awake! arise! once more the effort make
To gain the higher freedom. Christ can heal
The wounds of sin's dread slavery, and can break
The chains which Satan binds. To Him appeal!
Lean on his arm, and it will all be well.
He conquers every foe, sin, sorrow, death and hell.

LI. UNION WITH CHRIST.

"Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine: no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches."—John 15. 4, 5.

THEY love their blessed Leader. Not more close
The branches cling unto the parent tree,
Than are his followers bound to Christ. They lose,
Like him, their hold on earthly things. They free
Their hearts from the strong bonds of selfishness,
And yield for general good their private weal.
Where'er is want, despondency, distress,
They have the hand to toil, the heart to feel.
'Tis thus the Saviour taught them. They are one
With Him, and in their souls his image bear,
Rejoicing in the likeness. As the sun
Doth spread his radiance through the fields of air,
And kindle in revolving stars his blaze,
He pours upon their hearts the splendor of his rays.

LII. ETERNITY.

"And sware by him that liveth forever and ever, who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer."—Rev. 10. 6.

AND what is human life ? The transient beam,
That fades at sunset from the western sky,
Is not more evanescent. Yet we deem
The present all in all ; and shut our eye
To the vast boundless sea of future being.
Strange madness this ! Oh, let us rather look,
With face averse from things not worth our seeing,
Into Eternity's unchanging book.
There is vast meaning in that single sound !
Created minds fail in its measurement.
Eternity ! It hath no height, no bound,
And yet beyond all height, depth, bound, extent !
Time fails ; worlds perish ; that alone rolls on,
Untired, unchang'd, unchanging, when all else is gone

LIII. DYING THOUGHTS.

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"
—Matt. 16. 26.

My spirit sinks beneath death's chilling blight,
Earth's stars and suns no more for me shall shine;
But in eternity's broad, searching light,
How shall I stand with such a heart as mine,
A heart so prone to earth, so far from God,
In mercy's hour so vain, and so ingrate,
So unsubmissive 'neath affliction's rod,
So full of evil at its best estate!
With such a darken'd heart I'm call'd to steer
My bark upon Eternity's broad sea;
My sails are all afloat, and loud I hear
The torrent waves dash wide and fearfully.
And shall I perish? Lost or not, I go!
Oh, God! To thee at this dread hour I turn.
Oh, whisper to my soul, and let me know
The humbled sinner Thou wilt never spurn.
Hast Thou not said it! Dark I am, impure;
And only through Thy love, my soul can be secure.

LIV. GOD SEEN BY THE MIND.

"And he said, Thou canst not see my face : for there shall no man see me, and live."—Ex. 33. 20.

CANST tell me, what is God ? And can thine eye,
As swift and wide it goes o'er things that are,
Detect his outline, form, locality,
And make me know, who, what he is, and where ?
He is not in the cloud, nor storm, nor sea,
Nor nimble lightning, nor the earthquake's shock,
Nor in the balmy shrub, nor flower, nor tree,
Nor vale, nor hill, nor everlasting rock.
Thou canst not see Him with thy bodily sight,
But send thou forth the keener eye of the mind,
And, if not darkened by some sensual blight,
On every side God's presence it shall find ;
In cloud and storm and sunny fields of air,
In hills and trees and vales, and rocks and every where.

LV. WINTER.

“He giveth snow like wool : he scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes.
He casteth forth his ice like morsels : who can stand before his cold.”—
Psa. 147. 16, 17.

GOD sends his frost like ashes. With quick pace
The stealthy sun hastes o'er the hills. The wind
That sweeps their beaten sides, doth chase
The desolate leaves. The ice the lake doth bind,
And the soft earth is hardened into rock,
That shakes and echoes 'neath the shepherd's tread,
Who fastens from the cold his shivering flock.
E'en the gay flowers, the laughing flowers, are dead.
God sees it fit to be so. Thus he teaches
A lesson, which his creature man should learn,
(Alas, too seldom human hearts it reaches,)
That all things fade, and all to dust shall turn.
Yes, man shall have *his* winter, and his year
Of life wax old and die ; his leaf and bloom be sear.

LVI. THE LAST SLEEP.

“Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest,”—Eccl. 9.₁₀.

As some lone sea-bird, marked for cruel slaughter,
When by the fowler wounded, screaming goes,
Down, deeply down, through the dark waste of water,
And in the mud and reeds its eye doth close;
So from the wave of life man sinks; and o'er him
The billows meet, and shut his dying cry
Deep in the grave. And nothing shall restore him
To those bright scenes, that cheered his living eye.
Deep in the grave he sleeps. A long, deep sleep,
Unmoved by toil or care or hope or sorrow,
Or lamentable cry of friends who weep.
It heeds nor closing night nor rising morrow,
Nor storm nor thunder. Nought on earth can wake it,
Nought but God's thrilling trump, the last great trump, can
break it.

RELIGIOUS HYMNS AND SONGS.

RELIGIOUS HYMNS AND SONGS.

PENITENCE.

OH, say when errors oft and black
Have deeply stained the inmost soul,
Who then shall call the wanderer back,
Who make the broken spirit whole ?
Who give the tortured and depressed
The grateful balm, that soothes to rest ?

When storms are driv'n across the sky,
The rainbow decks the troubled clouds,
And there is One, whose love is nigh,
Where grief annoys and darkness shrouds ;
He'll stretch abroad his bow of peace,
And bid the storm and tempest cease.

Then go, vain world, 'tis time to part,
Too long and darkly hast thou twined
Around this frail, corrupted heart,
And poisoned the immortal mind ;

Oh, I have known the pangs that spring
From pleasure's beak and folly's sting.

Hail, Prince of heaven ! Hail, Bow of rest !

Oh, downward scatter mercy's ray,
And all the darkness of my breast
Shall quickly turn to golden day.
With Thee is peace ; no griefs annoy ;
And tears are grateful gems of joy.

THE CAPTIVE JEWS.

Ps. 137.

BENEATH thy palm-tree, Zion,
How swift our moments flew,
E'er sorrow o'er our bosoms
Its cloud of darkness threw.

But now by Babel's water,
Our tears for Salem shine,
And mid the sons of slaughter
Our thoughts are only thine.

Our country's song, the conquerors
Have bid their captives pour,
But when from Thee we're parted,
Our harps can sound no more.

We sat down by the billow,
Our harps upon the tree,
And weeping, 'neath the willow,
Oh Zion, thought of thee.

SOLOMON'S CHOICE.

1 Kings 3. 5—12.

It was not power with crimson spear,
With starry crown and blood-shot eye;
It was not wealth or golden gear
He asked for, from the Lord on high;
It was not that his wrath might be
Destruction to his enemy.

It was not that his life might wind
Through vales more bright than fancy's dream,
Reflecting flowers, each hue and kind,
That pleasure's hand e'er taught to gleam;

Oh, not for these, for WISDOM's ray
He asked, and thou wouldst not gainsay.

And, Lord, like him, nor glory's plume,
Nor wealth we seek, nor ruby's flame,
Against our foes no dreadful doom,
Nor bliss, nor lengthened life we name,
But fill our hearts from stores above
With wisdom, goodness, truth, and love.

LIKE THE STREAMS FROM MOUNT HERMON.

LIKE the streams from mount Hermon, that borrow
The waves through the vallies that roll ;
So the streams of affliction and sorrow
In torrents rush down on thy soul.

But the banks of the dark-flowing river,
When the rushing of waves is at rest,
Bloom lovelier and brighter than ever,
With flowers and with fragrance are blest.

And thou wilt arise joyful hearted,
With thy hopes pure and bright as a star,

When thou hear'st from the billows departed,
Their terrible dashing afar.

The afflictions, that now so distress thee,
Will leave, when departing, behind,
A flower, that will spring up and bless thee,
And distil all its joys on thy mind.

SUBMISSION.

THOUGH sunk in darkness and despair,
Let not thy murmuring lips reply ;
Thou art the object of his care,
E'en in the hour of misery.

Oh, never deem he will forget,
And leave thee to the foeman's power ;
But rather trust, that favor yet
Will smile in the propitious hour.

He bade the rod of Aaron bloom,
When shut from day's benignant light,
And, mid surrounding shade and gloom,
Put forth its vestiture of white.

And though affliction now be thine,
Oh, bless his kind and wise control,
And hope and joy and love shall shine,
And blossom from thy troubled soul.

GOING TO THE SAVIOUR.

WHENE'ER the clouds of grief and woe
Are darkening round thy troubled breast,
To thy redeeming Saviour go,
And on his sacred bosom rest.

The friends of earth for us may feel,
But all in vain their tears will roll;
What art, what sympathy can heal
The wounds inflicted on the soul!

Then upwards look to that Blest One,
(The angels bow before his throne,)
Who pitied sinners lost, undone,
And gave to save their lives, his own.

For them was shed the gushing tide,
That purpled Calvary's conscious hill;
For them He lived, for them He died,
For them is interceding still.

POWER OF GOD.

OH Thou, from whom the vaulted sky
Upward to light and beauty sprung,
Who on the lightning's wing dost fly,
And speakest in the thunder's tongue ;

Shall such a feeble thing as man,
Whose breath is measured by an hour,
Deride Jehovah's mighty plan,
Or stand against Jehovah's power ?

Vain thought is this ! Thou King of kings !
For Thou dost give to thrones their birth ;
And with the waving of thy wings
Canst sweep them headlong from the earth.

All things are 'neath thy high command ;
Thou art the Father, God of all ;
At thy behest the world doth stand,
At thy rebuke the world shall fall.

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

THE star was bright o'er Bethlehem's plain,
The shepherds watch'd their fleecy train,
When sudden gleam'd the sky—the tongue
Of angel bands in concert sung.

"Peace and good will to men," their song,
"Good will," while ages roll along;
The Saviour comes, let nations hear,
Be hush'd each grief, be wip'd each tear.

No more shall war bear iron sway,
Vengeance and wrath shall pass away;
Oppression bind no more its chain,
And gladness dwell on earth again.

The harp, that melted Eden's bower,
Shall breathe once more its soothing power;
And peace and praise and truth shall bless
The world with hope and loveliness.

GOD PRAISED IN HIS WORKS.

JEHOVAH ! How creation sounds
Aloud the honors of thy name ;
In every star that takes its rounds,
'Tis register'd in words of flame.

'Tis written on the morning flower,
'Tis sounded in the matins loud
Of birds in dewy bush and bower ;
The lark doth teach it to the cloud.

The herds and flocks on hill and plain,
As well as birds the air that skim ;
The fish, that haunt the briny main,
And through its oozy caverns swim :

They all have voice and meaning high,
And all in their own way confess,
(What none but sinful men deny,)
Thy goodness, wisdom, righteousness.

PROTECTION FROM GOD.

FATHER of all, by all adored,
For whom archangels sweep the lyre !
Oh, be our steps from sin restor'd,
Oh, grant thy love, avert thine ire !

Relume our hearts with heavenly light,
That we, in all Thy works, may own
Thy goodness with supreme delight,
And unto others make it known.

To God all holiness belongs ;
His arm upholds us every hour ;
To Him we raise our grateful songs,
And supplicate His guardian power.

He is our God, and He our friend,
Our fortress and our strong defence,
His angels for our watch doth send,
And shield us with omnipotence.

Why should they trouble thus our mind ?
And why our ceaseless efforts call ?
When all the good, that thence we find,
Is both so fleeting and so small.

THE BEST FRIENDSHIP.

If clouds arise and storms appear,
If fortune, friends, and all forsake me,
There's one to shed with mine the tear,
And to His bleeding bosom take me.

Blest Saviour ! Let it be my lot,
To tread with Thee this round of being ;
Thy love and mercy alter not,
When every sunbeam friend is fleeing.

Oh, be it Thine to guide my soul
Along the wave of life's dark ocean ;
And nought I'll fear, when billows roll,
Nor dread the whirlwind's rude commotion.

Thy love shall be my polar light,
And whether weal or woe betide me,
Through raging storm and shadowy night,
Its blaze shall shine to cheer and guide me.

OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

Who bids the billow heave its breast,
Then soothes its troubled throb to rest ?
Who bids the coral greenly bloom
Around the sea-boy's ocean tomb ?
Oh Lord ! The sky, the earth, the sea,
And all things else are full of Thee !

At whose command, when eve doth fall
With mantle dim, o'ershadowing all,
Do drooping stars come twinkling through,
And decking bright heaven's arch of blue ?
Father ! The sky, the sea, the earth,
Proclaim the author of their birth.

Thine are the mountains, Thine the caves,
Thou ridest on the winds and waves ;

Thine is the bright, o'er-arching bow,
The thunder's voice, the lightning's glow ;
The earth, the sea, the sky are Thine ;
In all Thou art, in all divine.

OH, COULD I BEHOLD !

Oh, could I behold but the light of thy face,
And renew all the raptures that once so enchanted,
When my footsteps first trod in the heavenly race,
And the road, I had enter'd, with roses was planted ;
Not the song from the traveller, faint and astray,
When his tribute of praise and of gladness is blending ;
For the fountains and palm-groves he found on his way,
Should match with the strain from my bosom ascending.
Thou Star of the Christian ! Thou Guide of the lost !
Oh, withhold not the beams that can lead and can
gladden
Frail man, on the ocean of life when he's tost,
When the billows float high, and the wild tempests
madden.

Blest Saviour ! Once more be the light of my soul ;
And amid all the dangers and griefs that oppress me,
This heart shall submit to thy faultless control,
The song of these lips shall unceasingly bless thee.

DOUBTS AND FEARS.

In the day of visitation,
When the clouds have o'er thee pass'd,
And thou thinkest that salvation
May not bless thee at the last ;

In the hour of doubts and fearing,
When the Saviour seems afar,
And thy spirit without cheering,
Is the night without a star ;

Know, that it is all to try thee,
And that Jesus loves thee still,
Nor will ever He deny thee,
If thou walkest in His will.

He hath set the great example,
Follow on, as He hath trod ;

Doubts and sin beneath thee trample,
Live and act and hope in God.

Then, though light or dark attend thee,
In the end 'twill be the same ;
If the Saviour doth befriend thee,
Thou shalt ne'er be put to shame.

HYMN AT SEA.

'Tis not in yonder starry host,
Oh, God of might ! I see Thee most,
Although Thy skill and power divine
In sun and moon and planets shine ;
When toss'd upon the raging sea,
I view and feel the most of Thee.

The sea-birds stretch their wings on high,
And shriek beneath the warring sky ;
In mountain piles the billows flow,
And laboring ships toss to and fro,
And from Thy red, right arm doth roll
The thundering bolt from pole to pole.

Oh, then I know Jehovah's form,
Careering in the bellowing storm,
Oh, then I see his wond'rous way,
Where o'er the deep the lightnings play ;
I see—I hear—I bow my soul,
And yield it to his high control.

THE PILGRIM'S RETURN.

WHEN the PILGRIMS of earth seek their parents' embrace,
After long years of absence their residence greeting,
And meet the dear objects of love face to face,
Their rapture how high ! Oh, how happy their meeting !
More happy are they, who arrive at the shore,
Where friends, when they mingle, shall part never more.

On the blest hills of heaven behold them appear,
Their hands to their harps, wreath'd with roses, ad-
dressing,
They raise to the Saviour, who wipes every tear,
Ascriptions of honor, and glory, and blessing.
His arm through their perils hath led to the shore,
Where friends, when they mingle, shall part never more.

The homes of this world become dim and decay,
And friends, when they meet, are too soon call'd to
sever ;
But the mansions prepared in the regions of day,
Stand beaming and beautiful ever and ever ;
And those whom the Saviour shall lead to that shore,
Shall stray from its mansions, and part never more.

A VOICE FROM THE DYING.

WEEP not for me, my friends, weep not,
As if it were a hapless lot
To stand with wings unfurl'd,
Just starting for that heavenly world,
Where woe's forgot.

I grieve to leave my friends behind,
For I have ever known them kind,
In past, departed hours ;
But shall I not in heaven's bowers
True friendship find ?

'Tis time to rend apart the chain,
That binds to scenes so sad and vain

As here afflict our eyes.
No sorrow dwells beyond the skies,
No tears, no pain.

Let those who love me, rise and dare
To spurn the world, and seek me there,
In that bright land of rest ;
And with the good, the pure, the blest,
In bliss to share.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE NEW LIFE.

“ Ah, how long shall I delight
In the memory of that day,”
When the shades of mental night
Sudden pass'd away !

Long around my darken'd view
Had those lingering shadows twined ;
Till the Gospel, breaking through,
Chased them from my mind.

There was light in every thing,
Every thing was bathed in bliss ;
'Trees did wave, and birds did sing,
Full of happiness.

Beauty in the woods shone forth,
Beauty did the flowers display ;
And my glorious Maker's worth
Beam'd with matchless ray.

Ah, how long shall I delight
In the memory of that day,
When the shades of mental night
Sudden pass'd away.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

WHAT means that small, but faithful band,
Like brothers who march boldly on ;
Who join in heart and join in hand,
And trust in Heaven's benison ?

Upward they turn their ardent eye,
To see where, bright as sunset's beam,
In heaven the sacred banners fly,
And spread abroad their glorious gleam.

The crimson cross, as there they view,
They catch new fervor from the glance,
And feeling all their hopes renew,
Through dangers and through foes advance.

On, boldly on, thou little band !
Nor fear, with troubles though opprest ;
Soon will ye tread the promis'd land,
Soon will your weary feet have rest.

CONVERSION.

ONCE I had a heart within,
Thankless and opposed to God ;
And, wandering in the ways of sin,
In wisdom's ways had never trod.

Mercies were regarded not,
Judgments came my soul to try,
But in a moment were forgot,
And left me still to vanity.

But the Spirit show'd at last
All the strictness of the Law,
And, as its mirror o'er me pass'd,
My heart's depravity I saw.

Then my soul, in deep despair,
Felt within the rankling dart ;
But Jesus pluck'd it out with care,
And gave a renovated heart.

What I lov'd and sought before
Pleases me no longer now ;
But at the cross my prayers I pour,
At Jehovah's feet I bow.

GATHER THE ROSES.

“ GATHER *the roses, while you may,*
Old time is still a-flying ;”

But not the roses that bloom to-day,
And to-morrow that are dying.

Gather the roses while you may,
To wreathe thy brow of sorrow ;
But not the roses that bloom to-day,
And wither and fall to-morrow.

Gather the roses while you may,
The roses that are glowing
Where the balmy gales of Eden play,
And the stream of life is flowing.

Gather the roses that are there,
Your temples brightly wreathing,
And the touch of time shall ne'er impair
The garland so bright and breathing.

THE CHRISTIAN SPIRIT'S PARTING.

As the northern Aurora resplendently bright,
When the moon walks in glory some cold winter's even,
Arrayed like a bride, all in garments of light,
Springs suddenly up o'er the arches of heaven ;
So when the pure spirit is call'd to surrender
Every charm that had link'd her so long to the earth,

Although she relinquishes ties the most tender,
Yet joy'd at her parting, and deck'd in her splendor,
Sublimely she soars to the heav'n of her birth.

As that morn of the pole scatters over the sky
The light of its beams, as they mount up and brighten,
The regions of darkness below it that lie,
To redeem from their shadows, console, and enlighten ;
So, when the pure spirit to heaven is soaring,
The streams of effulgence, that gladden her way,
Shed their smiles on the hearts of the sad and deploring,
To gladness and hope the afflicted restoring,
And show them the road to the regions of day.

DESIRING TO BE WITH CHRIST.

I BID my hours to hasten on,
That I may be, where Christ has gone ;
With him I long in heaven to meet,
To pay my honors at his feet.

Oh thou blest Saviour ! Thou dost see
How sad my heart, when far from Thee !

E'en here on earth thy love I share,
But I had rather see thee there.

Thou saidst, before thy feet were set
Upon their march from Olivet,
What time the clouds and heavens of light
Received thee from the gazer's sight ;

That thou didst go, that there might be
A place prepared for us and Thee.
Oh, fit me for that dwelling-place,
Where I shall see Thee face to face !

MISSIONARY HYMN.

'Tis now the time of strife and war,
The contest sounds on every side ;
Nations are bound to Satan's car,
And who shall meet him in his pride ?

Is there no arm his power to break ?
Are there no hearts that deeply feel ?
Sons of the kingdom ! Rise, awake !
Obey at length your Saviour's will !

Go, swell the trumpet's warning voice,
The captive sons of earth to tell
Of Him, who bids the saints rejoice,
Of Him, who saves the soul from hell.

Go, bear the Gospel banner forth,
Its glittering web of light unroll,
To gleam sublime from south to north,
And scatter light from pole to pole.

Hark! 'Tis the trumpet's warning cry!
Lo, o'er the earth the banners wave!
The Lord of glory comes from high,
To rule, to conquer, and to save.

IN ALL THE COUNTLESS ORBS.

IN all the countless orbs that shine
Along the azure halls of even,
Is seen the forming hand divine
Of Him, who rules in earth and heaven.

Wherever shines their silver beam,
Where'er they set, where'er they rise,

Appears the skill, in every gleam,
Of Him, who rules the earth and skies.

Then go at night, and look afar
O'er all the blue, ethereal sky,
And read in every rolling star
The glory of the Deity.

And when thou readest, think that thou
Shouldst not withhold the tribute due ;
But with a grateful spirit bow
To Him, whose mercy thinks of you.

THE LATTER DAY GLORY.

THE day of light is but beginning ;
Millions yet in darkness lie,
Ignorant of God, and sinning ;
Thoughtless of their destiny.

The day of light is just appearing,
Weak and transient are its rays ;
But they fill our souls with cheering
Prospects of the noontide blaze.

Oh, may the coming morning brighten,
With its splendors beaming wide,
Till its blessed rays enlighten
All, who on the earth reside.

And, for this glorious consummation,
Let each Christian watch and pray,
And the church in every nation
Strive to hasten on that day.

Though rais'd by sinners sunk and stricken,
Prayer will reach Jehovah's throne ;
And the Saviour's smile will quicken
Hopes, that rest on him alone.

IF THERE E'ER WAS A TIME.

If there e'er was a time of rejoicing, 'twas then
When we first broke asunder the shackles that bound us,
And walk'd in a freedom more blest than of men,
For the smiles of the Saviour were scatter'd around us.

Drawn forth from the shade of our prison, we deem'd
All nature resplendent with light and with beauty ;

And oft, in the glow of our feelings, it seem'd
We ne'er could be wanting in love and in duty.

And shall it be said, that our souls cease to love?
And shall we forget so transcendent a blessing?
Dear Saviour, look down from thy mansions above,
And from moment to moment bestow thy refreshing.

'Tis in Thee that we live; Thou didst give us our life.
'Tis in Thee that we hope; let thy banner be o'er us.
Unless Thou dost aid us, we fail in the strife;
But with Thee every foe shall be driven before us.

CONSOLATION IN DEATH.

MARK the dying Christian go
From this world of sin and sorrow;
His hour has come; nor shall he know
The beaming sunlight of to-morrow.

Does he wish a longer stay
To indulge in earthly pleasure?
He bids the earth be far away,
And bends his eye on heavenly treasure.

•

There is nought to keep him here,
All completed is his mission ;
Each grief is banish'd, and each fear,
And hope is lost in blest fruition.

See! His soul's in Beulah's land,
Land of joys for ever springing ;
Angels take him by the hand,
And cherub hosts are round him singing.

GOD'S GLORY IN CREATION.

WHENE'ER I see the morning sun,
Rejoicing from the east to run,
And o'er the sky his journey hold,
With eye of fire and robes of gold ;
(So proud his march, so bright he blazes,
That e'en the eagle, as he gazes,
Can scarce his burning track behold :)

Whene'er I view the stars display,
To deck the sky, their silver ray,
And mark, along the welkin wide,
The evening's placid empress glide ;

My soul is full of Him, who made them,
The God, whose magic power array'd them,
In all their beauty, all their pride.

Nor this alone ; 'Tis God doth dress
The spring in all its loveliness ;
'Tis God, who gives to field and bower
The autumn's fruit and summer's flower.
The earth we tread, the heavens that bound us,
With all within and all around us,
Declare his wisdom and his power.

Where'er we dwell, where'er we go,
On hill above, or vale below,
By streams through distant meads that glide,
By forests waving in their pride ;
We every where the proof discover,
That God around the earth doth hover,
And dwells for ever at our side.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

SAY not, 'tis all a dreary way,
With rocks beset, with briars growing,
Where never beams of sunlight stray,
And ne'er a gentle stream is flowing.

Or if it be, that thou dost go
Through scenes so darksome, wild, and frightful,
Yet there is one who loves thee so,
That he can make e'en this delightful.

Jesus is ever near at hand,
To aid, to guide, and to deliver,
With his own arm, the chosen band
Which he hath bought, to keep for ever.

Then drive away thy doubts and fears,
Nor dread the ills that threat to hurt thee ;
For Christ, that saw thee in thy tears,
Hath said, He never will desert thee.

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

OFT, when the shades of evening come,
And still the caravan's deep hum,
The desert's wind with poison'd breath,
Sweeps o'er, and smites with sudden death.

And thus, with sudden, deep dismay,
Shall come the judgment's awful day,
And wide the final trump disperse
Its summons through the universe.

The earth shall hear the trumpet's tongue,
The dead arise, both old and young;
They upward look, and in the sky
Read their eternal destiny.

Oh, then what terrors meet the view
Of those who now the earth pursue!
Who see their hopes and bliss expire,
Wither'd and burnt in penal fire.

THINK NOT THAT THE BLEST.

THINK not that the blest, whom the Lord hath befriended,
Though scorn'd by the world, and though smitten
with grief,
Will be left by the arm, that has once been extended,
To suffer and perish without its relief.

Oh, no ! When the clouds of affliction and sorrow
Encircle their souls with the darkness of night,
Thy mercy, oh God, like the sun of to-morrow,
Shall gleam on the shadows and turn them to light.

He leaves us awhile to the billow's commotion,
To see if our faith in the storm will remain ;
But soon He looks out in his smiles, and the ocean
Is hush'd from its threats and is quiet again.

REMEMBRANCE IN PRAYER.

WHEN at the hour of prayer thy heart
The fervor of its love discovers,
In secret as thou kneel'st apart,
And many an angel round thee hovers,
Oh, then remember me !

When down thy cheeks the tear-drops roll,
Of gratitude for sins forgiven,
And thou dost feel within thy soul
A ray of joy just sent from heaven,
Oh, then remember me !

For who, that sees thee trembling, kneeling,
Or may thy meek entreaties hear,
To Heaven so fervently appealing,
Will not believe that God is near?

Oh, then remember me!

Ask not for earthly pomp, or pleasure;
A humble, meek, and holy heart
To me is far a greater treasure
Than earth's vain glories can impart.

Oh, thus remember me!

HELP FROM GOD.

THE thirsty caravans set out
From distant lands of Araby,
And o'er the desert bend their route,
With balm, and plumes, and spicery.

They seek the brooks, with torrent high
So late that from their fountains burst;
But find their rocky channels dry,
And fainting, perish in their thirst.

And so with mortal man it fares,
Who in his hour of woe applies
To earthly friends to soothe his cares ;
Alas ! All earthly aiding flies.

Then turn, ye mourners, to that God,
Who looks with pity on your grief,
And, though He wisely wields the rod,
Is always ready with relief.

RESURRECTION OF THE SAINTS.

Fools make a mock, while scoffers say,
Where is the great, and final day ?
But in the destin'd hour shall rue,
While saints rejoice that God is true.

Hark ! Through the air the trumpets peal !
See ! Opening graves their dead reveal !
The Saviour from the dust doth claim
The blessed followers of his name.

Their troubled souls are now at peace,
For ever now their conflicts cease ;
Their cruel foes no longer reign,
Nor sin distresses them again.

PERSEVERANCE.

“To them who by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality ; eternal life.”—Rom. 2. 7.

No longer let the shadows cling
Thy sorrow'd brow around,
But every doubt beneath thee fling,
And onward with new ardor spring,
Till heaven thy toils hath crown'd.

Before thee see the cheering star,
O'er Bethlehem that shone ;
It animates us from afar,
To climb where heavenly glories are,
And seek the Saviour's throne.

Up to that throne of bliss our way,
Where pleasure never dies,

But reigns with undiminish'd sway,
When time and nature shall decay,
And perish'd are the skies.

Though hard may be that way awhile,
Though fears and doubts oppose,
Though Hell itself its barriers pile,
Oh, let the Saviour once but smile,
And nothing are our foes.

THE PASSING OF JORDAN.

Oh, why should our hopes
Be diminished and languish ?
And hearts, once confirm'd,
Yield to fears and to anguish ?
We have come to the brink
Of the dark swelling river ;
One plunge through its waves,
Then salvation for ever.
“ Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who hath purchased our pardon ;
We will praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.”

To our Saviour we look,
Oh, what care hath He taken ;
In all our past griefs
We were never forsaken.
He hath been at our side,
In the flame and the slaughter ;
And will still bear us up,
When we pass the dark water.
“ Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who hath purchased our pardon .
We will praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.”

Redeemer of men,
Thou art holy and glorious ;
Though many oppose,
Thou alone art victorious.
Thou wilt ride through the waves
With a great congregation ;
While their lips shout thy praise,
And rejoice in salvation.
“ Hallelujah to the Lamb,
Who hath purchased our pardon ;
We will praise him again,
When we pass over Jordan.

THE LAST SONG.

'Tis said, when the swan is dying,
Ere her languid eye doth close
On the reeds around her lying,
Which await her last repose ;

That she breathes a soft lamenting,
As she views her verdant grave,
And then to her fate consenting,
Sinks peaceful beneath the wave.

So, when life's journey is ending,
And the angels bid us rise,
From the shades of earth ascending,
To assemble in the skies ;

Oh, then may the song that's meetest,
No longer a note of woe,
From our lips the last, the sweetest,
In joy and in triumph flow.



PATMOS.



PATMOS :

OR

MEDITATIONS IN SOLITUDE.

DARK roll'd the angry ocean's ceaseless wave,
And utter'd loud his everlasting roar
Around the solitary rocks of Patmos.
There sat the PROPHET, shut out from the world,
He, whom our Saviour loved, and bore him in
His bosom, the endear'd Apostle John ;
Now old and weak in body, strong in faith,
An exile from mankind, but near to heaven.
Serene amid his sufferings, all his soul
Was wrapt in meditations, holy, high,
Such as become Christ's humble followers.
He thought on those, who are corrupt in sin,
The fallen and rebellious race of men ;
He thought of Him, who on the bloody cross
For sinful men did bear a cruel death,

Though now exalted and enthroned in heaven ;
And with a heart full of devotion's fire,
Maintained communion with the Holy One,
Who on the Universe doth sit supreme,
The God, Creator, Father of all things.

And every man may have his Patmos, his
Secluded place ; some solitary wood,
Swept by bright streams and cheer'd by small birds' songs ;
Some island in the midst of waters wide,
That gently come and kiss its flowery feet ;
Some Bethel, such as that, where Jacob saw
Angels descend, and heard the voice of God ;
Some secret chamber, dedicate to prayer,
As that where Daniel went three times a day.
No matter where it is ; 'tis Patmos there,
Where God is present, and where men are not ;
Where there is voice within, but stillness round ;
Where the rapt soul communes with things divine,
And earthly things are bidden far away.

INVOCATION.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, then, Thou lonely place!
Ye hours of blest retirement, ye lone woods,
Ye changeless mountains, seldom trod by man,
Ye midnight watches, when the pensile stars,
And silver moon, give their benignant smile!
And in these favor'd seasons, places blest,
Withdrawn from clamorous strife, the foe of truth!
Oh, may the Holy Spirit, Comforter
And Teacher of mankind, illumine this heart,
Darkened with sin; sustain my erring powers;
Repel each evil; purify each thought.
He is the chosen Teacher; men have sat
At Plato's feet, or from wise Socrates
Drunk knowledge in, and been refresh'd; but those
Were human lights, and not divine; the stars of earth,
And not of heavenly flame, too apt to lead astray.
But He, the fountain of all truth, who gave
To prophets inspiration in old days,
And rapt their spirits into future times,
Unerring knowledge sheds, and makes the poor
And low in heart, who feel and own their need,
More wise than Greek, more wise than Roman sage.
Men look'd on Patmos as a dreary place,
A dungeon made of solitary rocks,

Without or flower, or budding tree, or song,
Or any source of joy, or hope, or love ;
But God did leave it not ; his angels stood
On the sharp, pointed rocks, and viewless sung
Sweet songs of peace, submission, blessed hope ;
The Christian exiles heard with ravish'd souls ;
And lonely, dark, and desert as it was,
The Holy Ghost could change it into heaven.

GOD KNOWN FROM HIS WORKS.

Oh, thou all powerful God ! all just, all wise !
My heart before Thee bows, my intellect,
My will. The powers which Thou hast given me,
Whate'er their kind, whatever name they bear,
Oh, may they e'er united homage yield
Of faith, of feeling, and obedience.
How can my faith be other than it is,
While I have ears to hear, and eyes to see,
And hands to handle, all the powers of touch,
And taste and smell and sight, which link me to
The world of outward things, material forms

Of every shape and hue, instinct with life,
With motion, beauty ? A voice within,
Which 'tis not wise to stifle and repress,
Proclaims, and loudly too, *they have a cause*.
He, who stands up to read in nature's book,
Inscrib'd with signatures distinct and bright,
Must have an eye obscured with unbelief,
An edge of intellection dull indeed,
Who doth not find God's name in every page.
Created things—how great, how wonderful !
Magnificently great, and fitted well
The glory of their Author to express !
“ Th' invisible things of God, (so taught the blest
Apostle,) are made known from things created,
E'en his eternal power and Godhead.” Then
Be mine to read his varied works, creation
To peruse with humbleness, and thence to learn,
From aught that doth attract my wondering gaze,
The marks and proofs of excellence divine.

POWER OF GOD.

ERE time began, the waters, heaving wide,
Wrapp'd darkly round the formless void of chaos,
And through its shapeless realms 'twas blackness all.
God said, "*Let there be light*," and light there was ;
God thunder'd in the heavens, and the waves
Of the abyss were gathered to their place.
He cleft the rocks, the rounded vales he cleft,
And poured the cascades, brooks and rivers down,
E'en from the shaggy mountains and high hill,
To rest at last in the sea's coral halls.
The cedars of Libanus he did make,
Where singing birds and beauteous build their nests ;
The fir-trees, where the stork doth make its house.
He gives the flower its hue and sinuous form ;
He makes the leaf, that twinkles in the breeze,
And spreads its canopy o'er weary travellers,
With summer's heat oppress'd. He frames the shell,
That, with its wreathed and brightly spotted shape,
Adorns the ocean's sandy shores and depths.

And e'en beneath the surface of the earth,
The dark, hard crust, that gives itself to view,
God works, surpassing human power and skill.
He frames the precious ores, in texture firm,

Most beautiful, and durable as bright.
There crystalline forms are found, of endless shape,
Enrich'd with each variety of hue ;
There doth the many colored opal shine ;
There grow the beds of marble, Parian,
Brescia, Carrara, countless other names,
Which, when brought forth to light, by artist wrought,
Stand glorious in the pillar'd capitol,
O'erlaid with architrave and pediment ;
And oft in public halls, hold forth to view
The chisel'd features of the great and good,
The friends and benefactors of mankind.
Thus dost Thou work in secret by thyself.

All animals are thine, not less than trees,
And shagged hills, and the vast ocean deep,
And treasure-houses of earth's hidden min'rals ;
Not less than the great sun, whose golden lamp
Thou fillest every day, and the majestic moon.
Thou givest strength unto the insect's wing ;
Thou mak'st the music of the wild bird's song ;
And when in the vast desert, where the foot
Of husbandman and shepherd never trod,
The leopard and the lion seek their food,
And wake with thundering voice the echoing woods,
Thou hearest, and they seek Thee not in vain.
The sea is thine, as well as the dry land,

And creeping things innumerable and strange,
And beasts both small and great, that in the ocean
Have their dwelling place. And there doth play
The huge leviathan, arm'd at all points,
With scales thick set, as warriors of old time,
With coats of mail. He sometimes sweeps along
The coasts, and sailors in their boats affrighted flee,
And landsmen watch him from the distant hills.
But all, oh God, are thine ! Thou mad'st them all,
And givest them their meat in season due.

OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

NOR this thine only attribute ; with power
Is join'd ability to search and know.
Thou art a God of knowledge without bounds,
Whose piercing thought no limits can restrain.
As sweetly thine own Psalmist sung ; " Great is
The Lord, his understanding infinite."
Isaiah too thy foresight hath proclaim'd ;
" From the beginning Thou declar'dst the end,"
" From ancient times the things that are not done."
God is himself an universal eye,

Investing with its penetrating beam,
Whate'er hath been, whatever yet shall be ;
The breadth, the height, the searchless depth of being.
Sometimes vain man doth most unwisely think,
That Deity knows not his every act,
That secret things are hidden from his view,
That outward deeds, in open daylight done,
And these alone, have place in his regards.
Oh, cherish not the false, presumptuous thought !
God knows the inward, as the outward man ;
The action of the heart, as of the limbs.
Shall He, who hath so nicely fram'd the mind,
That intricate and wondrous workmanship,
Not understand its powers ? Shall not He know,
Who constantly supports the soul he made,
Its thoughts, desires, emotions, judgments, passions ?
Yes, he hath scann'd them all. No darkness hides,
No secrecy conceals ; but solemn night
Is as the noon-day blaze, all open to
His sleepless eye, all naked, all exposed.

Go to the mountain tops, whose granite piles
Listen to nought but the dark eagle's scream,
And the loud whistling of the felon winds—
And God is there. Go to the pathless woods,
By human foot ne'er trod, where wild flowers spring,
And the grim wolf doth fiercely guard her young—

And God is there. Go down and down to the
Dark ocean depths, where the sea-serpent makes
His slimy bed, o'erhung with coral branches—
And God is there.—And say, where is He not?
'Tis He, that clothes the lily of the field
With beauty more than that of Solomon;
With eye attentive both to man and beast;
He feeds the raven hungering for food,
And notes the feeble sparrow, as it falls;
He numbereth every hair upon thy head;
And when dim evening comes "with livery gray,"
And throws her mantle o'er the slumbering world,
And beast and bird have gone unto their couch,
And man himself hath clos'd his weary eye,
He takes his nightly round, protects thy door,
Stands near thine unprotected place of rest,
Till his own sun, rejoicing in the east,
Returns to dissipate "the ebon shades."

To him, whose sight fair science hath not touched,
Nor God's Eternal Spirit proffer'd light,
There may be marks of an imperfect sway,
Disorder in God's works, and want of wisdom.
'Tis in thy vision, not in him who made;
In thy weak understanding, not in God.
On every side there are the signatures,
The proofs and testimonies of a mind
That knew what it had plann'd, and plann'd it best.

JUSTICE OF GOD.

God hath all power, all knowledge ; and that power
And knowledge doth he righteously employ
For righteous ends. Deep in the universe
Are the foundations laid of right, of justice ;
Immutable foundations laid secure,
Of perfect right, justice unchangeable.
No lapse of time, no change of circumstance,
No mere appurtenance of name, or place, or rank,
Can alter rectitude, make that a crime
Which virtuous was before, or moral wrong
Convert to moral good. Virtue and vice,
Stamp'd with their own peculiar attributes,
With lines of beauty or with depths of shade,
Have their own fit, unalterable nature.
Though all things else should mingle, change, decay,
Virtue and vice remain the same, unchanged ;
They dwell apart, and never can approach.
And virtue dwells in God, shining through all
His character. Whate'er he does is right ;
Whate'er designs to do can ne'er be wrong ;
And justice will He measure out to all
The dwellers in his measureless domains,
Administered in his own way and time.

Though men of crimes and blood at times bear sway,
And men of truth and virtue wear the chain,
“ There is a God above us ;” all is well.
The heart, reposing fully upon Him,
Has nought of doubt or fear ; but trusting firm
In that great arm which rules the universe,
Beholds in partial evil general good,
And joins the song of angels round the throne,
“ Holy art Thou, oh God, and just and true !”

Men utter their complaints ; but not
With right. ’Tis not for man, child of the dust,
And being of an hour, to fathom and
Explore the height and depth and length and breadth
Of the omniscient sway. He cannot frame
An insect’s tiny wing ; he cannot make
A blade of grass to grow ; perplex’d and puzzled
By the meanest thing that creeps the earth, or floats
Upon the air : and shall his feeble mind
Run parallel with that of God ? Shall he,
Who knows but little, nor that little well,
Affect to scrutinize the plans of Heaven,
Announcing what is wrong and what is right ?
’Tis God’s prerogative and sovereign power,
To bring from evil good, from bitter sweet,
Glory from shame, and joy from wretchedness.
When wide spread havoc lays creation waste,

And when, on every side and place, arise
The breathings of distress and sounds of woe,
He opes a sudden light, dispels the gloom,
And shows that mercy nestled in the storm.

Behold from Afric's dark and suffering shore,
The slave-ship comes. Beneath her pirate flag
Sit mothers and their children, hopeless all,
In mute, o'erwhelming, matchless misery.
Humanity sheds bitter, burning tears ;
And faith, e'en as the bulrush, hangs her head ;
And all exclaim, How can it happen thus ?
How can it be, that the just, awful God,
Who sits in heaven, and from whose searching eye
Nothing escapes, who hath all might and power,
Millions of flaming bands to guard his throne,
Lets such dread scenes of crime go unavenged ?
Not so. The day of retribution comes,
The day of lamentation, woe, remorse,
To all the instruments of wickedness.
He breaks the captive's bonds and sets him free.
He bids the slave to speak in Chatham's tongue,
And kindles in his soul a Hampden's fire ;
And gives him higher views and better hopes,
And makes him know and feel, that he's a man.
And they, who came a poor, degraded thing,
Who knew the bitter pang, and that was all,

Now waken'd to a sense of their own rights,
Tread, with a freeman's foot and heart, the soil—
Which they so long have wet with tears and blood :
Or thinking of their distant father land,
And fill'd with pity for the dwellers there,
Return with bliss and acclamations high,
And carry arts, religion, freedom, peace.

THE DIVINE MERCY.

AND Thou art merciful as just. Thy deeds,
By justice guided, prompted are by love.
On Sinai's mount of old Thou didst descend,
And to thy servant Moses there proclaim,
“ The Lord in goodness and in truth abundant,
The Lord, long-suffering, gracious, merciful,
Iniquity forgiving, sin, transgression,
For thousands keeping mercy.” Free it flows,
As summer brooks, where shepherds' flocks do drink,
And visits all. It has its fountain in
Th' Eternal Mind, and while that Mind remains
The same as it has ever been, with all
Perfection mark'd, and excellence adorn'd,

Mercy shall be its glorious attribute.
And who is he, to whom it is dispens'd?
Who the recipient, on whom 'tis pour'd?
Is it not man, poor, feeble, sinful man?
A rebel against God, whose passions are
Array'd and prompt to violate the hands,
That show'r these mercies down? How wondrous then
Thy goodness! How sublime! When man forgets
Thee, and is occupied with his own lusts,
Thy mercy still attends him, gives him food,
Protects him from the dangers that beset,
Provides for every want with watchful care,
As though he lov'd Thee, thought of Thee alone.
But most of all, thou gav'st thine only Son.
Herein is love, compassion, mercy's self,
That Jesus died for us, when we were sinners.
Though equal with the Father, and array'd
With attributes that bow'd the glowing hearts
Of angels and seraphic natures high;
He took upon himself man's fleshly form,
And toil'd and taught and met with keen rebuke,
And died at last to save his enemies.
God aims to renovate, and strives to save,
Nor willing smites the creatures he hath made.
He seeks to change unreasonable hate
To love, and render happy those, who have
Destroy'd themselves. And, with such merciful ends,

He uses various means, adapted to the state
And wants of those, whom he would guide and bless ;
To glory guide, and bless with endless bliss.

GOD MERCIFUL IN JUDGMENTS.

WHOM God doth love, he chastens and reproveth,
When worldly lusts cleave to his followers,
The love of honor, wealth, or carnal ease,
He purifies the soul, as if by fire ;
With a consuming flame he burns the dross,
And thus brings out the lustre of the ore.
He makes the wealthy poor, the honored base,
Sends racking pains on dwellers at their ease,
And thus by sorrow, makes his people hear,
Who, when He spoke in mercy, closed their ears,
Or listen'd but to the world's syren songs.
Parents have lov'd their children more than God,
And then, to save the sire, he takes the son,
And plucks the daughter from the mother's arms,
And makes them full of tears and desolate.
But call him not unmerciful, unkind ;

'Tis seeming cruelty, substantial love ;
A father's heart beneath a frowning face.
As, in the parch'd and thirsty wilderness,
Moses did smite the rock, whence came relief
To Israel's famish'd multitude, so God
Doth smite, and smite with an almighty arm ;
But from the wounded, broken, bleeding heart,
He gently draws perennial blessings out ;
Submission, penitence, returning joy,
Enduring love and everlasting life.

EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

THERE is a power in supplicating lips,
There is in every good man's fervent prayer
A potency ; and it availeth much.
Mark yonder aged man, unknown to fame,
Who dwells in some lone cot remote, unseen,
Embosom'd deep in thick, embowering trees.
Though poor, unhonored, ignorant perchance,
At night he calls around his modest hearth
His family, and reads the Word of God,

With serious look, the index of his heart,
And then devoutly prays. Prayer is his breath.
At morning, noon, and night his humble cry,
Prompted by penitence and hope and love,
Is upward sent from a believing soul.
Is there no power in that ? And is his prayer,
Unknown and all unhonor'd as he is,
Uttered in vain ? Oh, no ! It cannot be ;
But mounting upward to the God of heaven,
And to Jehovah's bosom penetrating,
It works its purpose. Those, who never heard
His name or place, too low for their regards,
May yet the blessing reap, unmeasured good.

Oh, for a spirit of prayer devout and deep,
A fervency and power of supplication,
A ceaseless call and knocking at the gate
And sanctuary of the Most High God,
The giving up of soul Elijah prayed with,
The fervency of Paul, or, more than either,
His power of prayer, who in the Garden prayed,
Spending whole nights ! Then would the mourner's heart
With joy be fill'd ; the sinner's dark career
Of guilt be stopped ; the churches rise and from
The dust would shake themselves, and soon be seen
Wearing their shining robes. All nature calls,
Throughout her wide and complicate domain,

For more and deeper intercourse with God,
Who gives the surety of his sacred Word,
That praying breath is never spent in vain.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THE Shepherd loves his flock ; with care he guides
Them to the pleasant pasture grounds and brooks,
That murmur music soft, and kiss the roots
Of elm and scented birch. And ever and
Anon with pastoral pipe he breathes a strain,
That flocks and streams and woods delight to hear.
Oh, Christ ! Thou art our Shepherd, and we hear
Entranced with deepest ravishment, Thy voice,
Sweeter than sound of earthly shepherd's lute,
For thine own lips have said, "*I know my sheep.*"
Yes, Thou dost know them ; not a lamb shall stray,
Entangled in the depths of woods remote,
But Thou wilt mark its wanderings, and restore
It safe to thine own chosen, cherish'd fold.

MEDITATION.

THE Christian loves to meditate alone ;
For when alone, he's not in solitude,
But holds communion with the mighty God,
And with his Son divine. Therefore he seeks
The far remote and solitary place,
The secrecy of woods, the walk retired,
The banks of rivers, where the herb and flower
In silent beauty speak their Maker's praise,
The mountain and its cavern'd sanctuaries.
And hence to him the preciousness of night,
Of moonless, starless, solitary night ;
For when the bright array of lighted heaven
Is closed up in the universal blot
Of beauty, stars within the soul shine forth,
With golden ray melting the darken'd veil
Of unbelief, of sorrow, and of doubt,
And bathing with a flood of light the heart.

THE WILLEY FAMILY.

DESTRUCTION OF THE WILLEY FAMILY.

A BALLAD.

On the night of August 26, 1826, the following persons, comprising an entire family, were destroyed by a slide from the White Mountains, viz: Mr. and Mrs. Willey, with their five children, Eliza Ann Jeremiah, Martha, Elbridge, and Sarah, together with two hired men.

ELIZA ANN, *Aged twelve years.*

MOTHER ! The clouds are on the vale ;
The frighten'd cattle homeward run ;
The trees are breaking in the gale,
And red and angry looks the sun.

THE MOTHER.

Hush, hush, my child ! What do they know,
The gentle cows and simple sheep !
Shall not the winds of summer blow,
And clouds along the forest sweep ?

Come in, and do not yield to fears.
How oft we've heard the tempest's voice,
When 'twas but music to our ears,
And made our bounding hearts rejoice.

Then thou wouldst at the window stand,
And with no fear upon thy brow,
Behold the waves o'erwhelm the land,
The rocks roll down, the forest bow.

ELBRIDGE, The youngest son, seven years of age.

Say, mother, will the mountains move !
We saw them move the other day ;
Vast piles of earth did march along,
And all before them swept away.

How beautiful the trees did look,
With nodding leaf and blossom bright,
As in their vast array they took
E'en from the mountain's top their flight.

But it was terrible to see,
When in their strength they came so near ;
And to thine arms we all did flee,
To shield and save us in our fear.

THE MOTHER.

Oh, talk not thus, too fearful child !
'Tis time to seek repose and sleep ;
Is there not One, who rules the storm,
Whose love supports, whose arm can keep ?

See, how unconscious Sarah sleeps ;
No fears disturb her quiet mind ;
There's faith and strength in innocence,
In aught beside we fail to find.

The reeling earth awakes her not,
Nor howling winds disturb her soul ;
She heeds not, when the lightnings flash,
Nor when rebounding thunders roll.

JEREMIAH, Eleven years of age.

But yesterday the Saco bore
Its waters scarce above my feet ;
But now, from all the mountain sides,
The torrents in its channel meet.

And swollen, with resistless force,
It whirls and boils and hurries on,
And on its angry wave the trees,
And logs, and crumbling banks are borne.

And, sad to tell, two little lambs
That frolick'd on its grassy shore,
Were overtaken by its waves,
And swept away, and seen no more.

They were the lambs that Martha loved,
With which we all were wont to play ;

I heard their faint and mournful bleat,
As they were rudely swept away.

NICHOLSON, *Hired man.*

The angry bear hath left his cave,
The frighten'd wolf is howling loud ;
The eagle, from his rocky crag,
Screams fiercely to the passing cloud.

Sad night is this ! The traveller,
Who through the mountains makes his way,
Will sink beneath the thunder stroke,
And low his head in sorrow lay.

No more his wife shall see him go
Back to the cot from which he came :
His children utter cries of woe,
While round their hearth they call his name.

How blest are they that have a home,
To shield from storms descending fast ;
Hark ! Heard ye not the breaking pines ?
And heard ye not the whirlwind's blast ?

THE FATHER.

When in the wondrous times of old,
The Lord to Sinai's mountain came ;
Upon the mighty winds he flew,
And underneath him clouds and flame.

Our God is on the mountains now ;
The lofty summits feel his tread ;
Before his steps the forests bow,
The rivers swell above their bed.

His creatures now are in His hands,
To be by Him sustain'd or lost,
Like mariners upon the sea,
In bellowing storm and tempest tost.

ALLEN, Another hired man.

The fires flash down the mountain's side ;
Huge rocks do leap from tree to tree ;
The earth is heaving far and wide,
Ah, whither, whither shall we flee !

THE FATHER.

There's neither time nor power to fly,
But 'tis a time to watch and pray ;
If in the mountains we must die,
'Tis well as any other way.

If life is o'er, 'tis well and right,
God only knows the when and where
'Tis best to quench our earthly light,
And bid us to Himself repair.

In God alone I put my trust ;
 Beneath His wing I take my stand :
And though I am a worm of dust,
 I feel His omnipresent hand.

Then let us all our hearts prepare,
 The holy Word of God to read ;
And offer up the evening prayer
 To Him, who aids us at our need.

THE PRAYER.

Oh, Thou, where eye can see Thee not,
 Thy dwelling place in heaven who makest,
The humblest heart is ne'er forgot,
 Thy praying ones Thou ne'er forsakest.

Thine eye runs forth from place to place,
 The darkness as the light surveying,
Regarding all that Thou hast made,
 And every where thy love displaying.

The beasts do cry to Thee for food ;
 The birds receive Thy constant care,
As in the pathless woods they roam,
 Or o'er the boundless fields of air.

And we, thy children, look to Thee ;
No other friend nor hope we know :
Thy hand doth hold our destiny,
And at Thy feet we lay as low.

We hear Thee in the rending rocks ;
We hear Thee in the thunder's noise.
And shall we not in mercy hear
Thee speaking in the still, small voice ?

Oh, send that voice, in mercy send,
And bid our fears and troubles cease ;
Whate'er may come, oh, may we feel
Submission, trust in God, and peace.

PART SECOND.

'Twas thus in converse they did spend
With gleams of hope and mingling fears,
Their last sad evening here on earth,
And pour'd their prayers and shed their tears.

They felt their weakness, but they felt,
That God is merciful and just,
And when around their hearth they knelt,
Had higher hope and firmer trust.

'Twas theirs, whate'er might be his will,
To bear an acquiescent breast,
To bow before Him and be still,
With faith awake and doubt supprest.

They heard the elemental roar,
As mov'd the heavy hours along,
They heard the dashing torrents pour,
But knew that God can ne'er do wrong.

The moon was shut that darksome night,
No star look'd forth upon the sky ;
But riding on the thunder's wing,
A tenfold gloom came sweeping by.

The rocks from mount to mountain leaped,
From rock to rock the waters dash'd,
High voices mingled with the wind,
And answer'd when the thunder crash'd.

Nor did the awful mountains stand,
Firm and unmov'd as wont to be ;
But rais'd their scath'd and smitten heads,
And from their ancient seats did flee.

'Twas like the great, the awful day,
When the archangel's trump shall blow,
And piercing far, shall find its way
To heights above, and depths below.

The mountains moved, but when they left
With rocks and woods their old retreat,
They did not cease to think of those,
Their lovely children at their feet,

Whom they had in their bosom nurs'd,
As they had nurs'd the beast and bird ;
Whose feet sprung o'er them like the deer,
Whose song e'en to their tops was heard.

But fleeing, wheel'd their course around
The cot where they did erst reside,
And pass'd it by untouch'd and sound ;
But overwhelm'd all else beside.*

Alas ! Their children were not there.
Sons of the mountain ! They had gone ;
And passing in the mountain's track,
Were in its footsteps overthrown.

Husband and wife and little one,
Father and child and hired man,
Not one survived ; but in one grave
Did close their life's diminish'd span.

* It is a most remarkable circumstance, that when the falling portion of the mountain approached the house, where the Willey family dwelt, it divided a few rods back of it, and going round on both sides left it untouched.

Thus terribly they all did die ;
'Twas thus mid storms and rending earth,
This lovely mountain family
Return'd to Him, who gave them birth.

He took them, as in days of old,
In ancient days his loved he took ;
Such as the saint, " who walk'd with God,"
Such as the Seer of Cherith's brook.

For when the earth Elijah left,
'Twas not as when one goes to sleep ;
But blazing fires the heavens cleft,
And whiriwinds o'er the earth did sweep.

The whirlwind wrapt him in its wing,
The flaming fires around him curl'd,
And swift and upward did they bring
The Prophet to a better world.

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